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California State University, Long Beach



Fall 1978

UniverCity Magazine

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Cover photo
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a letter from the editor

Twenty years ago, *UniverCity* magazine was the *Forty-Niter* newspaper, with night students as our primary audience. Over the years, as our audience expanded, this newspaper evolved into the *Lantern* magazine. In 1973, we changed our name to *UniverCity,* symbolizing our commitment to serve the needs of our rapidly growing campus community. With the publication of this issue, we believe we have reached a higher level of quality and professionalism with our student/laboratory publication.

This semester's color cover captures an element of our environment, and this broad subject is the general focus of this, the third of our topic issues. A grant from *Reader's Digest* magazine enabled us to send two student journalists to Arizona for an exclusive interview with the visionary architect Paolo Soleri and a glimpse of his futuristic city, Arcosanti. In further exploring our own physical environment, we have spotlighted our own campus through words and photographs. We have also profiled the peregrine falcon, one of the noblest of our vanishing wildlife.

We have been fortunate this semester, as in the past, to have combined talented writers, illustrators, photographers and graphic designers from the many disciplines of English, journalism and art to create this issue.

We invite you to explore the fruits of this semester's efforts.

C.D. Hiraoka

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Arcosanti: dream city on the Arizona desert

by Kathy Nehira

Architect Paolo Soleri has been called both a visionary and a madman, but his "city of the future" is slowly taking shape, thanks to the efforts of many dedicated young people.

A radically different city is slowly forming in the Arizona desert, 70 miles north of Phoenix. The city is called Arcosanti and its construction is considered to be one of the most important steps ever taken by mankind—at least according to its creator and designer, architect-craftsman Paolo Soleri.

Soleri, boldly attempting to build the world's first self-contained city, is known variously as "the urban prophet," "the visionary architect," and "the madman on the desert." A frail, wiry man who speaks in a raspy Italian accent reminiscent of Marlon Brando in *The Godfather,* he came to Arizona from Turin, Italy, more than 25 years ago to study with Frank Lloyd Wright, the great genius of American architecture.

After working under Wright for 18 months, Soleri developed his own philosophy and original approach to architecture and went his separate way. In 1970, he gained public attention after a highly successful showing of his drawings and models in New York. His work propounded "arcology"—his theory of architecture and ecology in harmonious combination—which he says is essential to future urban planning.

Arcology calls for building vertically, forming structures that reach toward the sky or underground in order to preserve as much open space as possible; the actual future cities are meant to give residents convenient access to the city's inner facilities, and eliminate the diffused sprawl of community and commercial services. They will also utilize solar and nuclear energy systems, eliminate automobiles and replace them with moving walkways. Soleri sees arcologies as a possible solution to social integration and intensifying a community's cultural life, while still meeting the private needs of the individual. To this date no arcologies have been completed, but in 1970 the theory became substance as the construction of Arcosanti began.

Soleri works from his headquarters in Scottsdale, the Cosanti Foundation, where he lives and teaches. Cosanti is a museum-like workshop which serves as a showcase for Soleri's designs and models, and it is here where sightseers come to gaze in awe at the extraordinary designs and crafts of the visionary architect. Twice a week, though, Soleri travels a long 70 miles north, through miles of empty desert, to his prototype city, Arcosanti.

The emerging skyline of Arcosanti rises near Cordes Junction where two gas stations and few homes are the only other signs of life for miles. After traveling through a wilderness of cactus, yucca, and tawny hills, then rambling down a long, rocky dirt road, one sees the prominent geometrical buildings extending upward from the side of a canyon wall. The slowly rising project site overlooking the Agua Fria River will one day serve a population of 3,000 to 5,000, according to Soleri.

Soleri purchased a spread of land covering 800 acres, but his city will cover only ten so that the remainder can be used for farmland and vast open space. Only two percent of Arcosanti has been constructed, so there is a long, grueling effort ahead. Fortunately, Soleri does not work alone. He has always had the help of hard working, devoted followers, over 2,000 men and women, mostly college students, who have come to sweat and strive in helping the city grow. They labor long hours when needed and receive no salary. In fact, they pay to stay and work for at least five weeks—the duration of the workshops in which the groups of 30 or so participate. The $440 workshop fee includes classes, actual construction work, a meeting with Soleri once a week and living accommodations at the construction site.

Many times workers who wish to stay at Arcosanti become residents and staff members. One such is Cheryl Kasdorf, who works 40 hours a week and does not seem to mind her salary of $120 a month. "We all share in the vision Paolo has in one degree or another," she says. It is the unity, the striving to build a city the workers believe in, which drives them to swelter in the hot sun, pouring concrete, carrying heavy panels, installing electrical wiring or finishing the carpentry. They claim to have discovered a kind of wholeness in themselves they had never known before. "Not only do we work together, but we live together and do everything together," says Kasdorf, who in a sincere voice speaks of her love for all the workers. "At times when some people are weak, the others are strong, so we can keep encouraging each other."

The method of construction seems inefficient if not futile, yet the workers slowly but surely see the fruits of their labor. Many

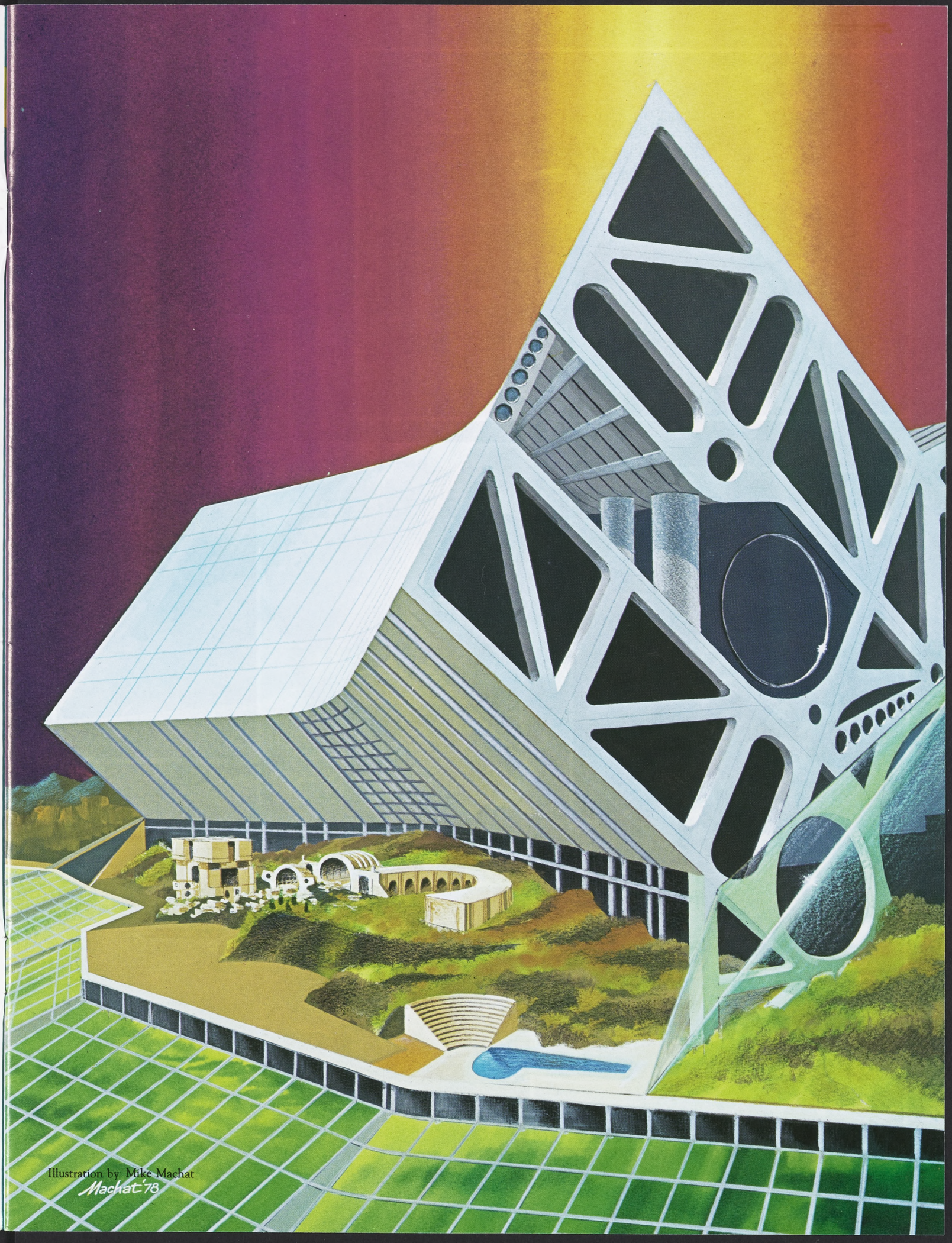
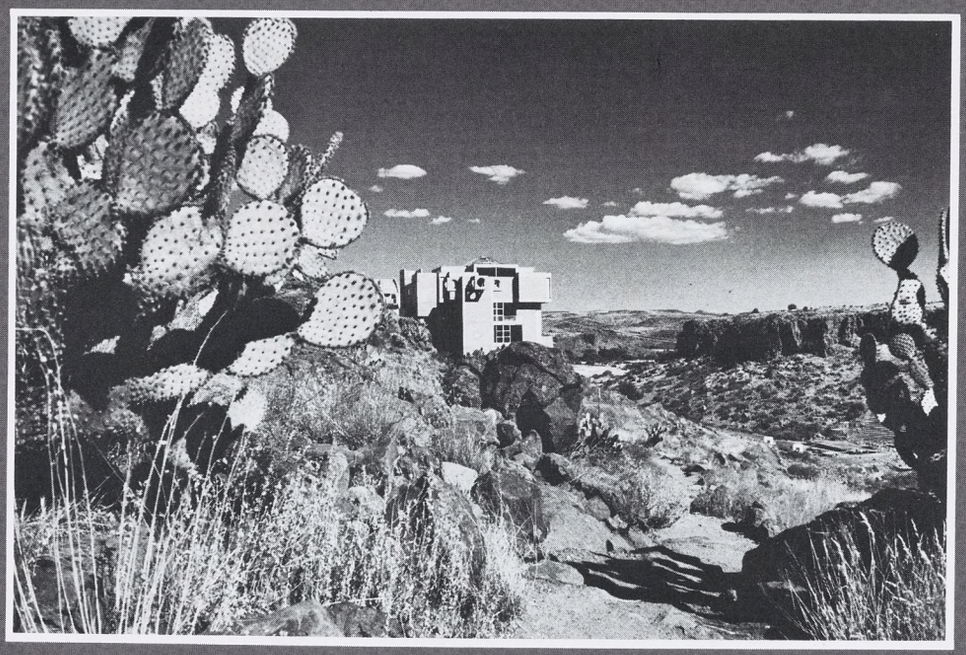
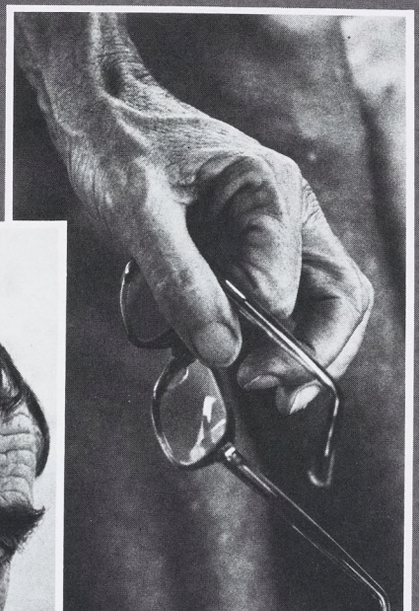
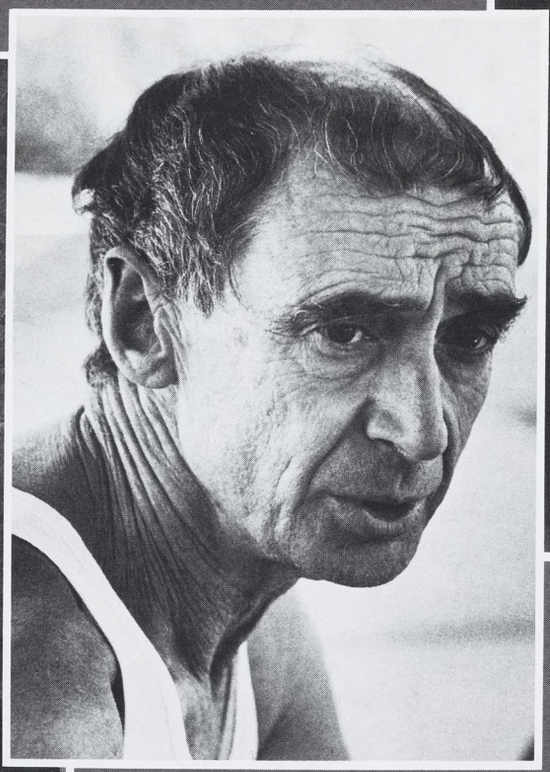


Illustration by Mike Machat

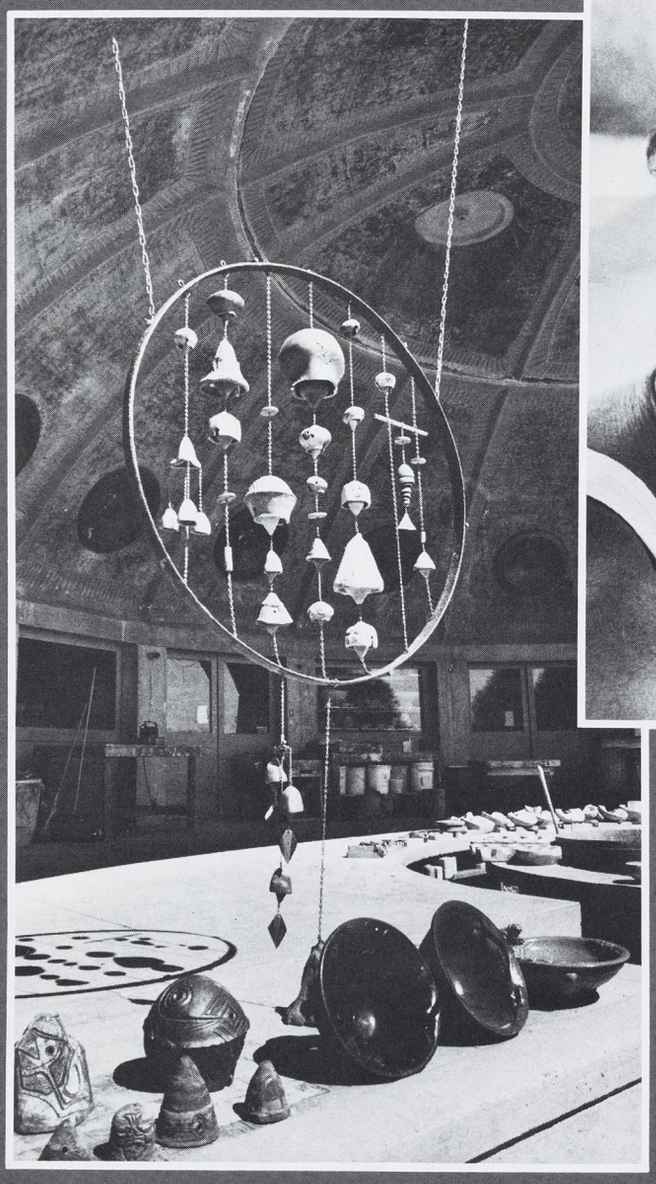


Arcosanti rises from it's majestic perch overlooking the Agua Fria River, 70 miles north of Phoenix.





Paolo Soleri, the "visionary architect," tells of his plan to build a new society, not just a new city.



A windbell display contrasts sharply with the simplicity of design found in Arcosanti.

Photos by Jim Klein

wonder when Arcosanti will be completed, but when Soleri is asked, he answers by shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders. "No dates," he says with a faint smile, as if he wishes there were some way he could tell.

Soleri claims that if they had the money it would be possible to complete the city in five years or so. It does not seem to worry him that the money needed is estimated at $150 million, while his annual budget wavers between $250,000 and $500,000.

Soleri views his city more as a "catalyst" that will keep growing rather than a project which will be completed in his lifetime. He goes on to explain how he feels about a successor taking over after him: "Those things historically do not work out very well. The only thing you hope for is that the fundamental idea, which is not what you are doing physically, but what is behind it, is a good idea. Then somehow that idea is going to catch on and be useful. If the notion was just a whim or a mad thing, then let it die and everybody will be better off."

As one means of supporting Arcosanti, Soleri and his students produce a line of primitive-looking ceramic and bronze windbells. The central studio where these sculptured windbells are cast is in Cosanti, where they sell for prices ranging from $6 to $10,000. Arcosanti is also funded by Soleri's workshop fees, his lecture appearances and the sale of his books—*Arcology; City in the Image of Man, The Sketchbooks of Paolo Soleri,* and *Matter Becoming Spirit.*

Soleri often appears as a guest speaker on college campuses throughout the nation, because, as he explains, contact with students is an important means of making them aware of arcology. "We have been trying to reach thousands of people, especially through schools. Every year we bring bulletins and give them out," he says. Soleri warns students against high expectations: "One reason we have had a reduction of students is that when they came the first few years they came with the idea that in five weeks they would build a city. Now it is very clear that in five weeks you do not build very much."

There are approximately 60 workers divided between Cosanti and Arcosanti. Michael McCleave, an artist and sculptor who resides at Cosanti, claims that he has been fortunate enough to be there since 1969 when the headquarters was being established. "I first heard of this crazy guy building these strange houses, and when I walked in here I knew I liked it," McCleave says as he vigorously polishes one of his oddly shaped sculptures. He describes Soleri as a "kind, sympathetic man" and says he feels privileged to be working for someone like him.

Soleri, however, does not consider himself sympathetic. His reasoning stems back to when he studied with Wright. "I was one of the many young people that was under Wright and I could not pay the fees half the time. I ended up doing kitchen work and serving meals. It never bothered me though, which is what I tell my young people when they feel bothered because they are not designing or creating." Soleri tells his workers he has no sympathy for them, just as sympathy was never extended to him. "I was just very glad to do as I was asked," he says softly. "I think I learned quite a bit that way."

Although Soleri's popularity has been growing steadily, not everyone is pleased with what he is doing on the desert north of Phoenix. There is plenty of cursing and bemoaning by city planners and architects who are skeptical, perhaps even frightened over the construction of Arcosanti. They once claimed that Soleri was merely a dreamer with far-out ideas; now they are seeing his concepts shaping into reality. Why are some people so terrified of Arcosanti? "In order to understand something it might mean that you need to examine your conscience and come out with some very drastic decisions," Soleri answers. "You might feel safer to believe the way you have always believed. If you start to dig deep enough, you might find out that you are in the wrong place at the wrong time, so that becomes very scary." Soleri is not sure how many people in Arizona know that Arcosanti exists. "In Phoenix probably one out of 20 people know that there is some kind of city being built. Of the ones that do know, probably nine out of ten say it is madness."

Soleri believes that we are a society too matter-oriented and driven by too much greed. In *The Sketchbooks of Paolo Soleri,* the 59-year-old architect gives this opinion of today's society: "Rape and devastation best express the actions

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V. Waller

Saving the Peregrine Falcon

by Tim Gallagher

The falcon swoops low across the face of the great rock. Far beneath him stretches Morro Bay, still shrouded in morning fog. A lone fishing boat chugs through the harbor, the only break in a dense silence. Rising above the water the falcon dives repeatedly at a trespassing gull, then, tiring of his sport, returns to his lofty ledge, satisfied that he still rules Morro Rock.

Next to him, a lone nestling pleads for food, flapping its wings to attract the adult's attention. The mature bird looks away, unconcerned. Now the female appears, carrying a tempting morsel of meat. She lands out of the young falcon's reach, teasing it to come toward her. The nestling screams plaintively and stares down at the chasm between them. Finally, unable to control its appetite any longer, the falcon plunges from the precipice into the first flight of its life.

And so, another peregrine falcon is fledged from California's Morro Rock. There is something unusual about this one, however. This falcon was hatched in a laboratory incubator 3,000 miles away at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York.

This spring, for the second year in a row, researchers provided the Morro Rock peregrines with foster nestlings. As a result of environmental contamination, the resident pair of falcons are no longer able to produce eggshells thick and durable enough to protect a growing embryo. They must now depend on man to help raise their young.

The problem faced by the Morro Rock falcons is not an isolated one. They are but one more faltering pair in the world-wide peregrine falcon population decline that began in the late 1940's. This decline coincides with the introduction of DDT and other persistent pesticides into the environment.

The effects of DDT are cumulative. It builds up in the fatty tissue of small birds that eat poisoned insects. The peregrine, existing at the pinnacle of the food chain, preys on these birds and absorbs a still higher concentration of the chemical.

DDT has been shown to inhibit the production of calcium in a falcon's system, causing it to lay eggs with shells 20 percent thinner. Sometimes the weight of the falcon as she broods her eggs is enough to crack the shells.

In 1969, a female peregrine then nesting on Morro Rock herself became a victim of this eggshell thinning. An egg broke in her oviduct, creating a blockage of waste material that led to a slow and agonizing death. The male found a new mate after one companionless season, but nesting success on the rock has been sporadic since.

The peregrine falcon's population decline reached such alarming proportions by 1965 that an international conference was called in Madison, Wisconsin. The situation was even worse than anticipated. Researchers reported that the falcon was extremely rare over most of Europe, and 80 percent of the former nesting sights in Britain were vacant. A nesting survey conducted in the spring of 1964 found that the peregrine was extinct as a breeding bird in the Eastern United States.

Spurred on by the findings of the conference, researchers raced to prove DDT was the culprit, and to find ways to counteract the falcon's perilous decline. Dr. Tom Cade, of Cornell University's Laboratory of Ornithology, had studied the peregrine falcon on the desolate northern tundra since early in 1950. Marking off a study area on the Colville River of upper Alaska, he began randomly sampling falcon eggs for pesticide contamination. Although the arctic falcons are well isolated from humans, their eggs contained high levels of DDT apparently ingested on their long winter migrations to South America and back. After comparing the pesticide levels in these eggs with eggs taken in the lower United States, Cade predicted that the arctic peregrines would soon be in trouble.

Three years later, in 1969, his fears were realized when many non-nesting pairs and nests containing broken eggs or dead nestlings were observed. Extremely high pesticide accumulations were detected in the organs of the dead falcons, and many of the eggs had thinner shells than usual. Cade advised Walter Hickel, then Secretary of Interior, of the peregrine falcon's bleak future. This ultimately led to the falcon being granted endangered species status, and was also a factor in the banning of DDT.

Acknowledgement of the problem was a step toward finding a solution. Captive breeding seemed a promising idea; however, most previous attempts had been failures. The peregrine, though handled and trained by man for centuries, was never truly domesticated. They always retained their aloofness, their "air of nobility" that falconers have so long admired. Nesting only on remote, rugged cliffs, they exhibited grand courtship displays, rising and diving at breakneck

Illustration by Victoria Waller

speed across the inadequate sky.

The Peregrine Fund was established in 1970 at Cornell University and dedicated to the propagation of falcons in captivity, with Dr. Cade appointed as director. The Canadian Wildlife Department set up a similar program in Canada. A handful of individuals from the two countries pooled their knowledge and rushed to find a solution.

Many factors, including the falcon's diet and the temperature and length of daylight in its environment, were taken into account. The researchers attempted to match the hours of light in the breeding chambers with that of the falcon's native habitat.

Brian Walton, a 27-year-old biologist, became coordinator of the Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Research Group last year. With him came an enthusiastic band of volunteers. Since their arrival, they have added eight new breeding chambers to the original four, obtained 11 new peregrines, and have handed the group its first successes—three captive-bred prairie falcons and two Harris hawks. Walton believes they will produce their first young peregrines in the upcoming spring.

The workday begins early at the breeding project. Long before the sun illuminates the picturesque campus and floods into the old rock quarry, the volunteers are busy cleaning the pens and preparing food for the falcons. The younger peregrines grow visibly excited as Merlyn Felton, the main falcon handler, enters with their daily ration of fresh meat. A young male lets out a harsh, long-winded hunger scream, sounding like a rusty hinge in need of oiling. He seems to consider Felton a long lost parent, while the older falcons maintain a stoic calm as he walks into each of their chambers.

The unflagging dedication of the volunteers at the research group is quite amazing. Felton spends virtually all his time with the birds, actually sleeping in the facility to guard against night-time intruders.

Guarding falcons is not a new line of work to Felton, as he has spent the last three springs camped atop damp, wind-swept Morro Rock watching its falcon nest. "This year I stayed on the rock 24 hours a day from April 15 to July 1 . . . I feel we owe the wild creatures we've harmed some help," he explained. "If I didn't have such a special interest in the peregrine, I'd probably be involved in saving the wolf, or some other threatened animal."

Brian Walton has a similar interest in the well-being of the falcons. "If the peregrine hadn't been endangered, I probably would never have become a biologist," laughed Walton. "I would've been a business major and only studied falcons as a hobby."

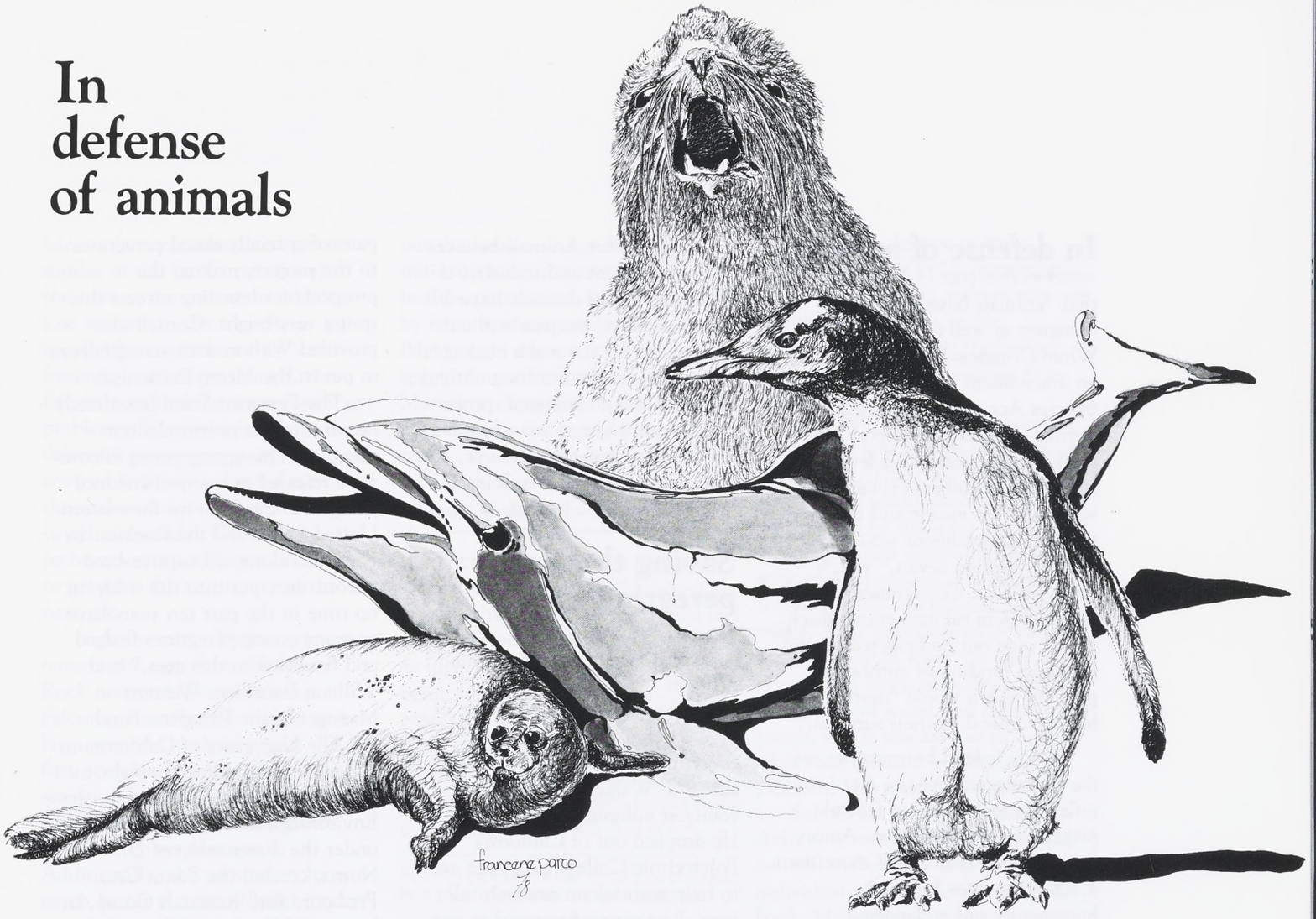
John Schmidt, a birdwatcher and artist, is the most multi-faceted of the volunteers. He helps feed and handle the falcons, shows the facility to the public and does artwork to raise money for the project. Schmidt has been fascinated by birds and the beauty of flight for most of his life: "I was naturally attracted to the peregrine

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Illustration by Theodore L. Heublein

In defense of animals



Have you heard about the 6,000,000 dolphins inadvertently killed by the tuna fish industry over the past 20 years? Did you know the elephant population of Zambia, the largest known in the world, has been reduced by 50 percent?

You won't hear these stories on the Eyewitness News. But some people make it their business to know these things, and to do something about it. One such group is the Fund for Animals, an organization dedicated simply to the protection of animals. Their object is to do what they can to keep non-endangered creatures from becoming endangered, and to keep endangered animals alive.

The Fund began in 1967 , its president, Cleveland Amory, a journalist of some renown. Today it is one of the best known and most successful humane agencies, due in part to the prominence of its celebrity members, (among them, Katharine Hepburn and Steve Allen) and to its staff of volunteers from many professions.

The Fund operates on contributions from its members. It philosophy is to unite thousands of people for one cause. The Fund often sends out petitions to its members, to be used as proof to government officials, press and opponents that a great many people support them.

The Fund has been battling for years to save the Atlantic Brant, a small, dark-colored goose which resides in small numbers in the National Wildlife Refuge near Atlantic City, New Jersey, along with the osprey, peregrine falcon and other creatures. In the early 1970's, with the Brant nearly killed off, the Fund was responsible for having hunting limitations set on the bird.

In 1975, 25 percent of the Brant population was decimated by hunters, despite the efforts of the Fund. The tragedy was repeated the following year, when hunters were allowed to kill another 50 per cent of the remaining geese. The Fund participated in an environmental impact study which included a count of the surviving Brants. It clearly showed the severe effects of the two hunting seasons. Because of the extreme situation, the birds were protected in 1977, and the Fund requested a ban through 1979. If this species of goose does not get protection for any considerable amount of time, it could easily be back where it was five or six years ago—in danger of extinction.

The real theme of the Fund is

Illustration by Francene Parco

In defense of animals

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that "animals have rights, too," in Congress as well as in the wild. When Congress began considering an amendment to the Endangered Species Act, the Fund began a hurried campaign to oppose its weakening. Amory sent letters to each Fund member, explaining what the Act meant and how the proposed amendment would "destroy section seven," which prohibits U.S. Government agencies from taking action which would wipe out endangered species, and from funding or authorizing projects which would "destroy habitat critical to their survival."

While federal bureacracies say the Endangered Species Act is too inflexible and holds up federal projects from completion, Amory cites the fact that out of more than 4,500 stalemates between bureaucrats and endangered animals, all have been "resolved, usually administratively, through negotiations, modifications and/or compromise."

The latest project of the Fund is to elect the wolf for "National Mammal." There are fewer than 500 wolves left in the United States, outside of Alaska and Montana, and this undertaking is an effort to raise the public image of the wolf and to save it from being wiped out entirely. It proposes the wolf as a symbol of the "plight of our endangered wildlife as well as the need for an end to the stereotyping of all minorities, human and animal alike." Petitions have been sent to each member, and are also available (along with bumper stickers and buttons for one dollar each) by writing: The Fund for Animals/2841 Colony Road/ Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

The Fund for Animals believes that government and industry, if left to their own devices, have a way of pursuing progress without thinking twice about the ecological consequences. Diminishing natural resources and endangered species are commonplace today—too much so. Someone has to remind us, and the Fund for Animals is doing it.

–Pam Bartholomew

Saving the peregrine falcon

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because it represents the epitome of flight."

There is a contagious sense of urgency that one should leave everything and run to the falcon's aid. Ron Walker, at 24 the youngest volunteer, did just that. He dropped out of California Polytechnic College two years ago to help with falcon research full-time. Last spring he stayed at one of Cornell's release sites on the East Coast hoping to gain knowledge that could be applied to California's peregrines.

An incredible amount of work stands before Walton and the others. With 90 percent of California's peregrine nests abandoned, the situation is critical. Walton wants to boost the peregrine's population here from 20 nesting pairs to 60 in the next ten years. He plans to accomplish this through rehabilitation of sick and injured falcons, the manipulation of wild populations and by adopting Cornell's techniques of breeding in captivity and releasing falcons to the wild.

Cornell University's Peregrine Fund has been an invaluable aid in getting the Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Research Group on its feet. This year the Fund donated two pairs of specially raised peregrines to the project, making the prospects for breeding success this spring very bright. Cornell also provided Walton with young falcons to put in the Morro Rock nest.

The Peregrine Fund has already begun a falcon re-introduction program. This spring young falcons were released at many abandoned peregrine nest sites in the eastern United States and the Rockies. In Colorado alone, 25 captive-bred falcons were put into the wild; "at no time in the past ten years have so many young peregrines fledged and flown off in this area," said William Burnham, Western Manager of the Peregrine Fund.

The University of California at Santa Cruz is leading the fight to save the peregrine in this state. Its Environmental Studies Department, under the directorship of Dr. Norris, created the Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Research Group, in hopes of following the lead set by Cornell in the east.

Dr. James Rousch, a local veterinarian, submitted the plan for the breeding facility in 1973. Officials at UC Santa Cruz were enthusiastic and agreed to let Rousch use an abandoned rock quarry on the campus as the project's site, also providing an office and access to a laboratory.

The original breeding facility consisted of four 20 × 20 × 12-feet high compartments. Wooden slats were used for roofing to allow free passage of air and light. The first peregrines to use the facility were sick and injured falcons collected by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Although turned loose in the compartments, their physical condition made breeding unlikely.

When Walton saw that the eggs didn't hatch at the rock in 1977, he placed some young prairie

falcons (a non-endangered species similar in size to the peregrine) in the nest so the parents wouldn't lose interest in the site. As is usually the case when this "cross-fostering" technique is used, the falcons accepted the young without problems. The Peregrine Fund then delivered two young peregrines, still covered with white baby down, to the rock and another successful switch was made. The same technique was used again in 1978 to preserve the continuity of the nest site.

In future years Walton wants to remove the eggs from the Morro Rock nest and several others. Falcons generally will recycle and lay a second clutch of eggs if the first ones are taken early in the season. This technique, known as "double-clutching," could greatly increase egg production. Additionally, the eggs taken have a much better chance of hatching in an incubator. Not only do thin-shelled eggs tend to crack under the weight of a brooding falcon, they also allow too much moisture to escape, dehydrating and killing the embryo. Some of the thin-shelled eggs Brian incubated this year lost weight so rapidly that he had to double the natural humidity.

Aside from raising the falcons, the breeding facility will also be an effective educational tool, enabling students and interested members of the public to view the falcons, unseen, through two-way mirrors, providing a unique opportunity to study falcon behavior first-hand. More importantly, visitors to the facility will learn the reasons why the falcon and other endangered species should be saved—why it's important to maintain the ecological integrity of the planet.

The falcons are a necessary controller of small birds, weeding out the weaker and sicklier individuals an maintaining a healthy population. If not checked by falcons, these overgrown bird flocks could destroy grain fields and spread disease to humans. Moreover, man, like the falcon, also exists at the top of the food chain. Thus the peregrine falcon can act as a coal miner's canary, warning of dangerous conditions ahead.

There are many more reasons for saving the peregrine falcon—reasons that cannot be explained in practical terms. The power and grace its flight has enthralled man for centuries, and has led the United States Air Force to adopt the bird as its symbol. We owe it to our children not to let the peregrine falcon become a casualty in our rush to progress and be lost forever.

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Victoria Waller is a senior art student specializing in illustration and graphic design, and is production artist for the University Publications Department.

Theodore L. Heublein is an illustration student. He has produced an animated short and has had a complete comic book published.

Arcosanti

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of technological man toward nature. Such blind brutality must be transformed in an intense search for a new ecological balance." Slowly, an attempt at that transformation is taking place at Arcosanti. More than five major buildings have been constructed, and an amphitheatre is beginning to take shape. In one of the buildings, "Craft 3," a restaurant has opened to serve visitors who are willing to travel out to the wilderness and see for themselves the megastructures sprouting from the earth.

Arcosanti's needs and lacks are many, and much planning remains to be done. There are major societal and governmental plans which must be made for the future city, and Soleri admits he is faced with many decisions. He claims he is trying to inform himself on the issues. "The implications of what we are trying to learn are very powerful in terms of politics and economy and social and cultural trends, but if you ask me to detail what that means I would have a problem," he says.

Soleri's intention is to have Arcosanti reorganize the social and cultural make-up of every individual who resides there. In his book, *Matter Becoming Spirit,* he calls the viable city the "Civitate Dei," meaning the "City of God," in which total communication will exist between man and man, and between man and his environment.

The mystical architectural genius claims that the city of the spirit can only be reached through his methodology—"the same methodology proposed by the evolutionary process of life's development." Soleri's goal is to drastically change today's cities and eliminate the alienation so common in contemporary society. Although some critics call him reactionary and others call him a lunatic, Soleri may one day show us, through the application of his concepts, that we can enjoy clean air and open space in an urban setting—his arcology realized.

Research expenses for this article were provided by a grant from Reader's Digest Magazine.

Magazines are filled with how-to's for mothers, even mothers-to-be. But where were you, Glamour, Redbook and Parents, when I really needed you? Where were you the nights I rocked my crying baby for hours as I watched her Cinderella clock tick away my study time?

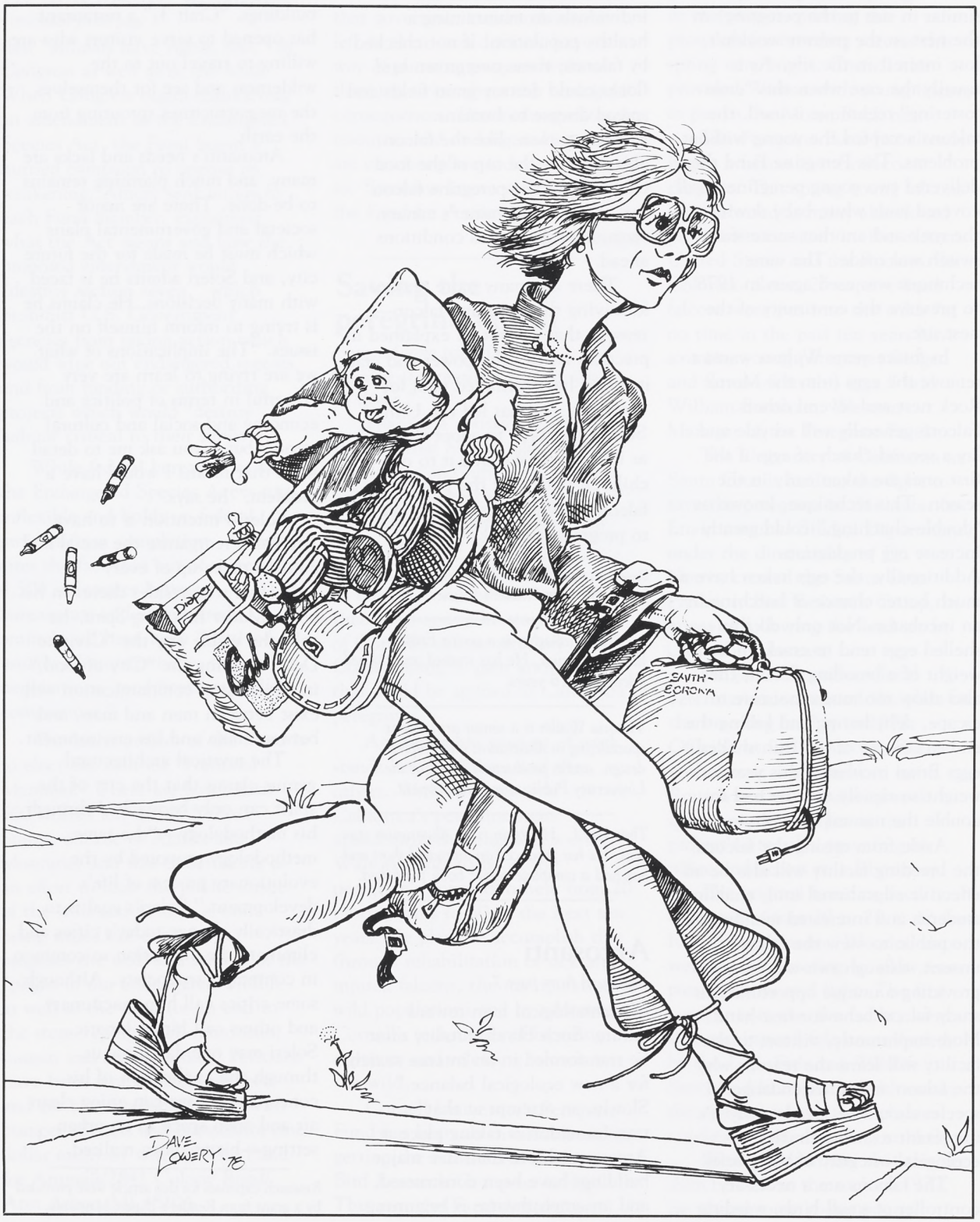


Illustration by Dave Lowery

College and kids don't mix

by Veronica Gunnerson

Glamour told me how to decide whether I wanted children; *Redbook,* how many other young women were having them; *Parents,* how to take care of the helpless infant once I had her; and now *Working Mother* will help me juggle a career and clan. But where were you, when I really needed you? Where were you the day I found Emily cooing over the web of delightfully shiny, delectably slippery typewriter ribbon she'd spun around herself?

How I could've used a helpful hint or two that fateful February day when my babysitter was sick and I had a *UniverCity* magazine deadline to meet. What choice did I have but to take two-year-old Emily along with me to the campus? At least now she was old enough to walk. Thank God, I thought, remembering countless days of lugging that cumbersome, four-piece collapsible stroller to school and maneuvering my way up and down hills and staircases with baby, books and diaper bag spilling all over.

My gratitude was short-lived. Walking through the student parking lot wasn't too bad. There was little there to hold Emily's interest. But when we stepped up on the curb, she saw it—grass! And trees and flowers and even some benches to climb on. She picked up every dandelion she saw and dangled her short legs from every concrete bench. "So it's taking 15 minutes to walk one-hundredth of a mile," I reasoned. "So what? I have time and Emily's having fun."

My patience evaporated, however, when Emily began howling, "Carry me, Mommy!" We had half the campus to cross yet and I had an armful of books and the diaper bag. I couldn't possibly carry her. Teeth gritted in determination, I spit out through a forced smile, "You're a big girl now, Emily. Walk with Mommy." *Parents* magazine would have a lot to say about how to cope with the temper tantrum that followed. I coped beautifully—I gave in. Deftly, I pulled the diaper bag up onto my left shoulder along with my purse, wrapped my left arm around the books, shoved them into my rib cage, and scooped up Emily with the right arm, balancing her 31 pounds on my hip.

Looking every bit the pack mule, I trudged off, thinking at least I'd get to the Journalism Department faster this way. Instead, we got about all of three feet before I felt Emily sliding down my leg. She was wearing her pretty, royal blue, 100-percent nylon parka, which I learned was slippery. So slippery that she slipped right down to the ground. With my arm around her neck, I dragged her a few paces, but thought better of it when she started gagging. Then I stopped, hoisted her back up again, went another three feet while she slid back down, stopped and began the whole routine all over again. Forty-five minutes later, we reached the *UniverCity* office. A slow climb down the stairs and we were home free. Relief! Down went the books, the bags and Emily. Off came the pretty, royal blue parka that I never wanted to see again as long as I lived, and down we sat, Emily to color and I to get my work done in the magazine office.

About five minutes later, Emily jumped to the floor screaming. I jumped up, staring in disbelief. Emily had diarrhea. Brown liquid was pouring onto her shoes and splattering all over the floor. Emily was crying. I started crying. I also started cleaning up the mess. It only took about 40 minutes. I washed the floor, bathed Emily in the ladies' room sink, and washed her clothes. Nothing had been spared but her 100-percent slippery parka. Dressed in that, a clean diaper, and ankle-high shoes with no socks, she looked like one of the Beverly Hillbillies. Emily thought it was wonderful.

It was a wonder, all right. We had left our house at noon. Now it was 2 o'clock. That meant in another hour Emily would need a nap. Skipping nap-time was too traumatic to even consider. Two-year-olds are a handful, but tired two-year-olds are impossible. I began wondering whether I could even begin my work, let alone meet a deadline. I decided to give Emily some Cheerios to munch on while I rummaged through some papers. About ten uneventful minutes elapsed. Emily was quietly playing on the floor. It took another five minutes for me to question why she was being so quiet. What else? She was mashing her Cheerios into the floor. By then I was too numb to care. I simply cleaned up, packed up and made my way home. Emily took her nap. I considered taking my life.

That was more than a year ago. Now, Emily is safely enrolled in a terrific pre-school three days a week and I will graduate in May. But I can't graduate in good conscience without filling the void in how-to's for the next class of college moms.

My best advice is: Don't do it. Finish college before you have a baby or come back when the baby grows up. For those of you diehards who insist, however, the following guide may lighten your load and simplify your life.

Veronica Gunnerson is a senior journalism major. She is a former editor of UniverCity *magazine.*

Dave Lowery is a sophomore illustration major. He is an illustrator for the Union *newspaper.*

College and kids don't mix

Personal Appearance

- Wear make-up only on weekends. A little moisturizing cream can be applied every day instead. It's faster, will keep your face shiny and your conscience at bay.
- To eliminate precious minutes spent ransacking closets every morning, wear the same five outfits to school every week.
- Throw out your iron—or at least hide it till graduation. Dress yourself and your family in wash 'n wear or wrinkles.
- Cut down on your sleep. Five hours a night (that's if you're lucky) should keep you functioning and your homework up to date.
- Wear large sunglasses to camouflage the circles under your eyes.
- Keep your fingernails short and unpolished.
- Wear your hair short and uncurled or long and pulled back. Scarves are excellent cover-ups for hair that went unwashed while you nursed a sick child through the night.

Scholastics

- Carry a partial load. An extra year of school is a small price to pay for your sanity.
- Keep a textbook with you at all times. You can study while you walk the baby in the stroller or push him on a park swing. You can also study while you stir the soup or stand in line at the supermarket.
- Supply your pre-schooler with sheaves of paper, plenty of pencils and crayons, and maybe even a toy typewriter. Then if you're desperate to get some homework done while she's around, she can imitate you. That should give you a good 10 minutes.
- Begin studying for exams two weeks ahead so a colic-filled night before a test won't mean an "F". If you get an "F" blame it on a colic-filled night before anyway.
- Be content with "B's." A "B" for a college mom is equivalent to an "A+" for everybody else. Ask any mother on campus.
- Keep your books and notes under lock and key to avoid what happened to one mother. The night before an exam, she put her 18-month-old to bed early, marveling that he actually went right to sleep. When she opened the door to her study, however, she saw what had tired him out. Her notes were in shreds.

Nutrition

- Take vitamins.
- Save dieting for summertime. If you study best while nibbling, then by all means nibble. Forget about guilt. With the house a mess, the laundry waiting, and the baby crying, you have enough to feel guilty about already.
- Once a week, cook and freeze a casserole you can pull out if you need to impress anyone.
- Keep your pantry shelves stocked with canned soup and your freezer filled with frozen dinners. A senior admits, "My contribution to family nutrition is to buy Stouffer's instead of Swanson's TV dinners." If friends drop by unexpectedly, you can always whip out your casserole or order pizza.
- Let your husband cook.

Husbands

- Believe it or not—and *they* may not—husbands know how to boil bottles, turn on washing machines, run vacuums, etc. Train yours.
- If he refuses to cooperate or resents your college career, you have a problem. Drop out of school or divorce him.
- If he does cooperate, tell him 45 or 50 times a week how much you appreciate his help and how you'd never be able to get through school without him.
- Go out with him one night a week even if it does interfere with homework.

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See the campus as a stage

by Anne Margis

There are 27 nude women under the pittosporum tree behind Fine Arts 2. Eleven are abjectly slumped, arms hung at the crotch, faces blank, some with entire heads missing. Others lie prostrate amid unraked leaves and discarded paper cups; two languidly grasp one another near the paw of a three-foot plaster cat. These tiny clay women collect dust on their buttocks, but no critical acclaim—a discarded art collection beneath concrete stairs.

In this restless decade students wander summers in search of aesthetic scenery, then return blind to the beauty of their own college backyard. CSULB has been unfairly termed a drab, utilitarian campus. Rather, see it as a stage—set with sculpture and planted with jasmine—on which characters perform their academic lives. There are even bells in the orchestra pit.

Mornings at 7:30, students hurrying past Liberal Arts 1 crane their necks skyward, searching out the source of a Renaissance melody which swells overhead. The curious who climb three flights of stairs discover a man mouthing a recorder, beside a woman fondling a dulcimer. The aloof pair seduce their audience passing three stories below—Pied Pipers prodding somnambular students to dance toward their first classes.

Hourly, the campus ear is soothed by the sound of carillon bells from the Carlson-Bloc Memorial Tower, at the top of the Student Union walkway. The tower, financed by the will of benefactress Louise Carlson, was constructed in 1972, six years after the death of its designer, Andre Bloc. The structure functions as a landmark and cultural focus, as do cathedral spires in European cities.

The $25,000 carillon system built by Maas-Rowe sounds the traditional Westminster strike on the hour, but also provides mini-concerts at noon and six. The console is housed with a collection of xylophones in Room 107 of the Music Building. The toll of the bells—actually thin metal bars which only ping quietly within the room, but are amplified by speakers within the tower and on the roof of the Humanities Office Building—is played from a scroll similar to that of a player piano. "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" and Paul McCartney's "Yesterday" are among the regular selections, though there are also special rolls for the Christmas season and graduation commencement rites. The music echoes between upper and lower campus, and carries a radius of four miles—as far as Naples when the wind is right.

While most of what you hear is played automatically, Dr. Paul Stroud, who has taught music at CSULB for 21 years, performs live some noons. The annual Peach Blossom festival, campus theatrical openings and when there is a death among the faculty are occasions when Stroud plays.

More organized fare is periodically provided by the music department in the studio theatre, recital hall and multi-purpose rooms. Faculty recitals and performances by the symphony orchestra are a pleasure to attend, and a stroll through the music complex often means a treat to impromptu concerts: flute solos and acoustic guitar riffs merge with bird songs in the shaded patio.

Certainly no ear has gone unscathed by the Friday noon concerts at the speakers' platform beside the Bookstore. Loll with a picnic lunch beneath lavender jacaranda trees, and in addition to the serenade of whichever band is featured, you may find yourself unwillingly entertained by our permanent nonscholastic attraction, Mark the Preacher. The venerable Reverend Forsythe sports an American flag on an aluminum pole topped with a plastic bald eagle. Wearing a dark polyester suit, dusty black pumps and a straw safari hat with an orange flower tucked in the band, his religious monologue and "God Bless America" boom over the sound of electric guitars. In the mood for a quick salvation? If you get too close, he'll swat you with the tail of his flag, and hand you a leaflet.

The horticultural buff will find CSULB a veritable Garden of Eden. No area on inner campus is without a flowering peach tree. There are 3,000 of them in all, lining the University and West Campus Drives and all street boundaries; and an on-going fund provides for the planting of 75 new trees per year. In spring their burst into bloom inspires the Peach Blossom festival, the time of an open house for the off-campus community. While the trees are theoretically non-bearing, fruit-fanciers will appreciate that accident of nature by which the trees cross-pollinate with off-campus fruiters. Fresh peaches may be gathered by the bushel and baked into pies, or spontaneously picked for a healthy snack during coffee breaks.

The baseball diamond is flanked by a collection of enormous pines, many as old as the campus itself. There are native Monterey and imported Japanese black pines, as well as the attractive blue-tinged Canary Island pines. The grounds

continued on page 22

Clockwise:

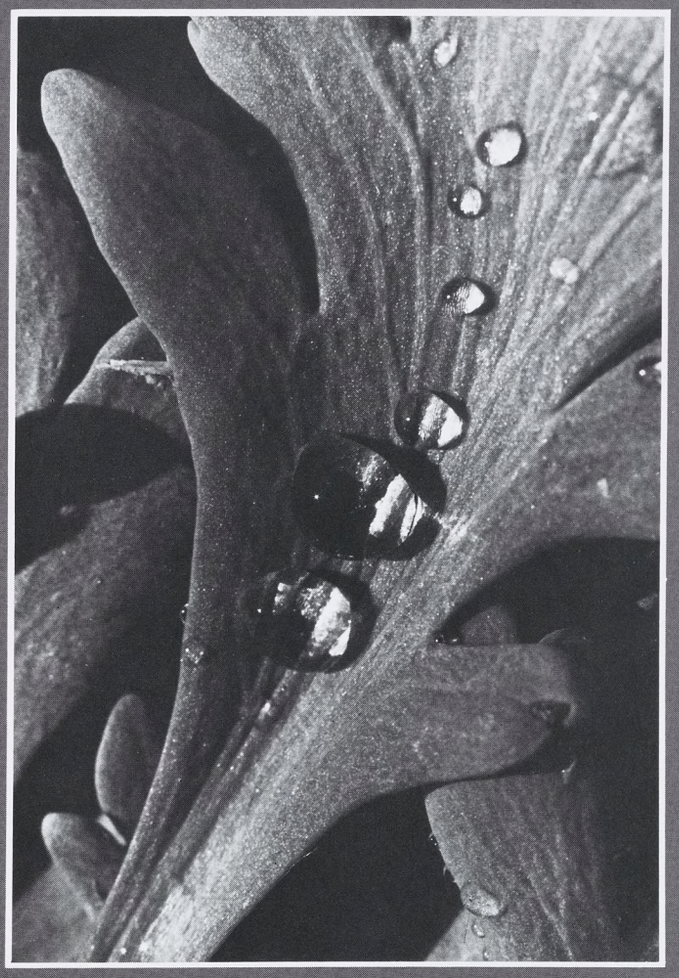
A chance pattern of dew drops cupped in a leaflet.

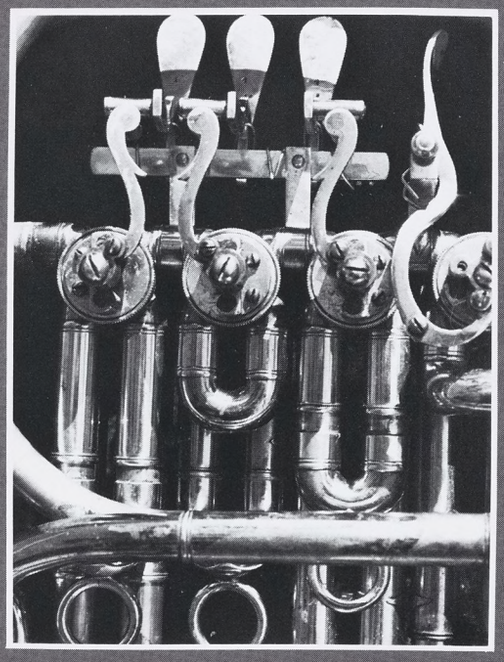
Classic Plymouth waxed for rendering.

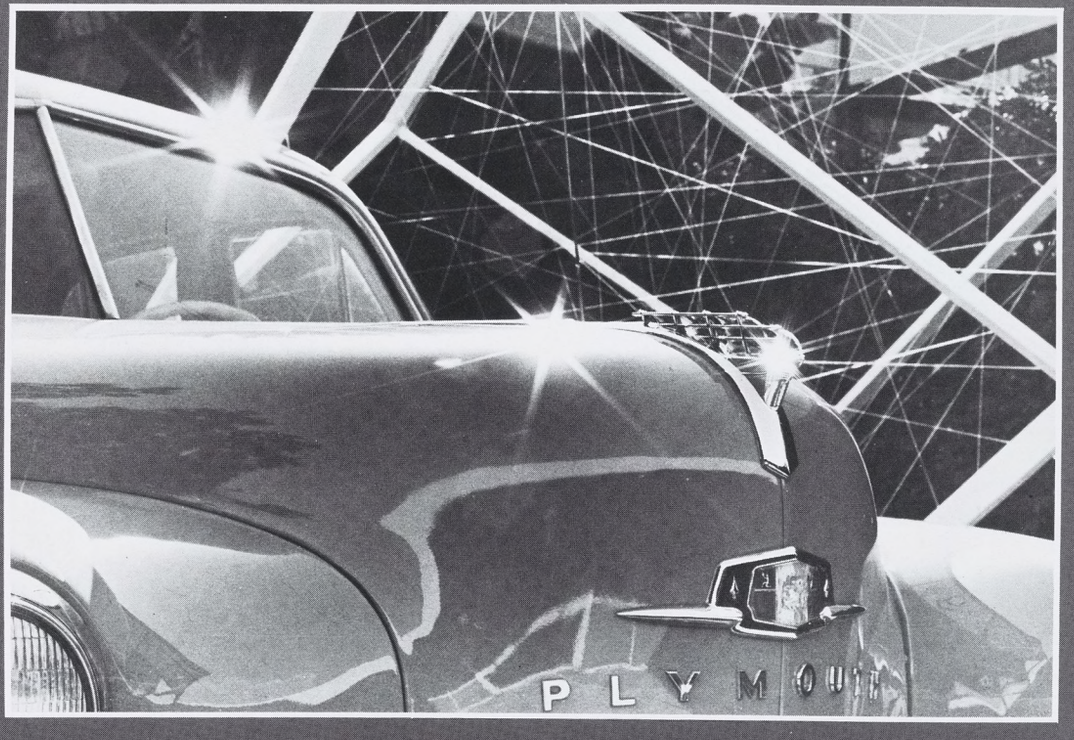
Detail of a French horn reveals a mechanical symmetry.

The imposing ascent of the Carlson-Bloc Memorial Tower.







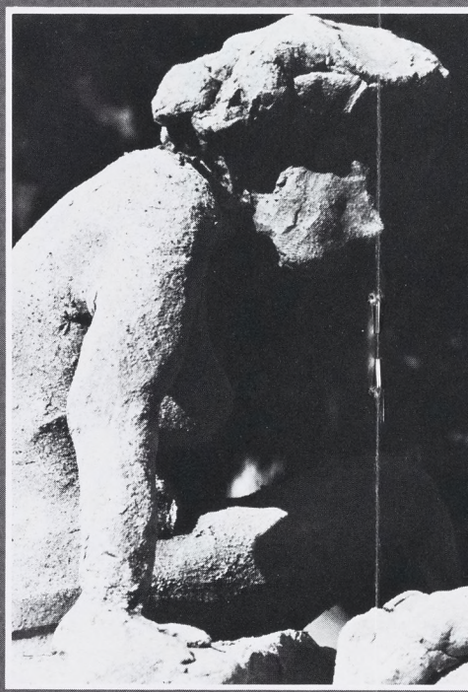




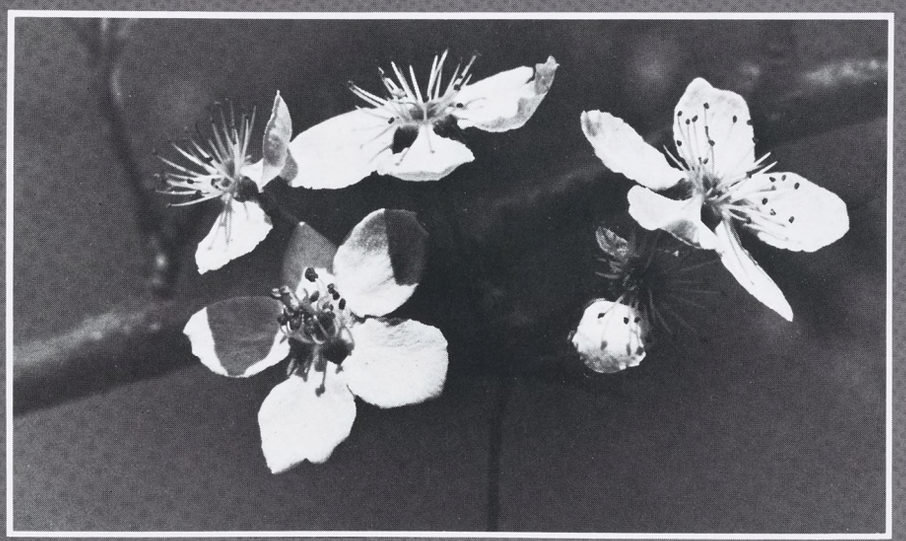












Clockwise from top:
Fine Arts-3 wall provides a canvas for painted shadows.

An array of peach blossoms flourish.

Sculpted figures in timeless pose.

Clay figurines in unfinished conversation.

A delicate calendula bursts forth in annual bloom.

Sculpted bodies writhe in suspended

anguish on the facade of Engineering Building-2.

Nature's design.

Photos by Richard Sears

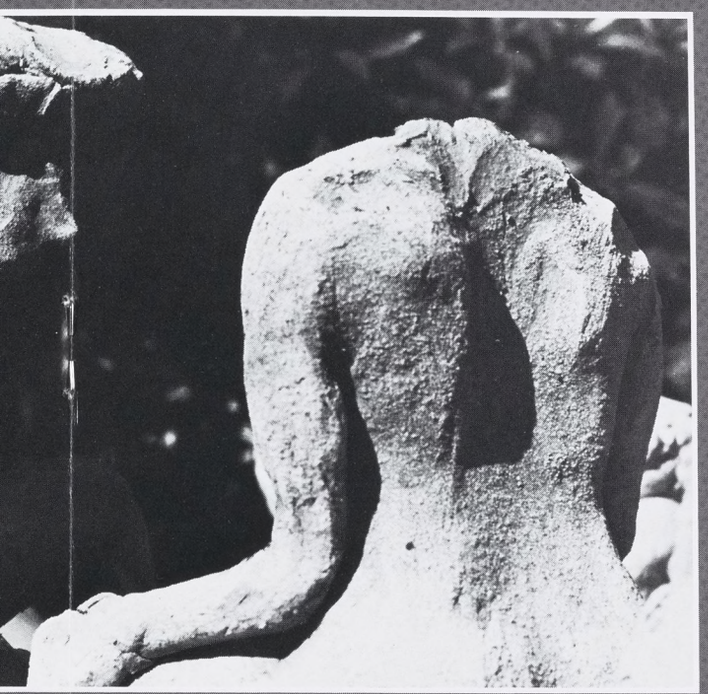




Photo by Judy Atlas

continued from page 18

near the Science Buildings are adorned with aristocratic King and Queen palms and Washingtonia palms familiar to Hollywood poolsides. Lemon-scented eucalyptus near the Physical Education complex spike the atmosphere with their tang, while throughout campus, hundreds of varieties of *ficus* provide shade for students and nesting for sparrows, jays and occasionally an escaped parakeet.

Carissa grandiflora, a flowering shrub hedged around nearly every building, produces white star flowers and red globes of fruit suitable for making jam. On the slope beside the Administration Building grows a patch of strawberries that bear in the spring and are quickly harvested by the hungry.

We also have on campus something which is a rare sight on any public facility: an abundance of annuals, colorful plantings of blue lobelia, orange zinnia and ranunculus, multi-hued snapdragon and petunia —flowers not normally used in large scale due to the great expense of seasonal replanting. Star jasmine and Japanese honeysuckle line East Campus Road, and may be plucked and arranged into fragrant bouquets for lovers. California poppies, our state flower, have been scattered throughout the grounds, and reseed themselves yearly.

The Isabel Patterson Child Development Center on Atherton Street exhibits the atmosphere of a woodsy farm. Rolling hills and meandering tricycle paths are dotted with bamboo, weeping willow and scarlet bougainvillea—all low-maintenance plants attractive in their natural, unpruned state—leaving the children leaves to leap through, branches to climb. At the entrance to the center lies a rose garden unique in concept: mothers are invited to donate bushes in honor of their children.

Across from the dormitories, in an area originally the location of the Bixby family estate's formal flower garden, lies an organic garden that profits from past years of rich soil cultivation. Here, students and faculty are invited to grow their own artichokes, sunflowers or whatever their favorite edibles may be. The plots are guarded by scraggly scarecrows on broomsticks and protected with a lopsided fence along which grows the passion vine, noted for its orange, allegedly aphrodisiac fruit.

To provide students with an aesthetic backdrop to their cultural endeavor, an International Sculpture Symposium was held on campus in 1965, with community members raising or pledging $30,000 toward expenses. Materials indigenous to or manufactured in California—mainly redwood, concrete and steel—were donated by local industries. The resulting eight permanent structures have been termed a wedding of industry and art.

If the aware student wished to make a circular tour of this campus art, it would likely begin at the Seventh Street entrance, where one is immediately confronted with "U as Set" by Claire Falkenstein, an American sculptress. A fountain built of 6,000 pounds of copper tubing, it stands in the concrete pool before the Humanities Office Building. The artist's concern was with activity within the structure—its qualities revealed through penetration rather than solidity of volume.

A walk to the corner of Seventh Street and East Campus Drive places you within a 19-unit concrete structure entitled "Homage to Simon Rodia," created by J. J. Beljon, past director of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in The Hague. It has been said these blocks look like the foundation of an incompleted building. Beljon intended "Homage" to be a very male structure, one whose best compliment would be a response strongly felt by a woman.

Also off East Campus Drive, "Hardfact," by Kosso Eloul, looms over the sloping lawn known as Hardfact Hill, south of the Science Building. A 21-foot black monolith of concrete and steel, it is anchored at the apex of a red-painted wedge carved into the soil. The opening at the center is lined with stainless steel that captures and refracts sunlight like a finely cut gem.

Guarding the concrete square east of the Student Union, three stooped figures of steel ponder a metal disc at their core, trapped timelessly in metal meditation. Piotr Kowalski shaped the steel plates of "Now" by the underwater explosion of dynamite taped to the surfaces. The small steel radar antenna beside the piece has a built-in solar cell, which allows it to track the sun, reflecting its changing light onto the sculpture. The tracker had been broken and removed from the set for years, but this past September was reinstalled.

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Anne Margis is a sophomore comparative literature major and has written for Black Maria, *a literary journal.*

Judy Atlas is a master of arts student in photography. Her work has been exhibited nationally.

Richard Sears is a senior illustration major.



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One for all: All is one?

by Ruth Ellen



Charles Darwin claimed that the laws of nature favored the survival of the fittest, and perhaps it was the evolution of that belief which first spurred the jogging and health food crazes. But if you thought he was right, the time has come to hang up your sneakers and rinse out your granola bowls . . . Darwin was mistaken. In actuality, it is the passive conformist, not the active fittest, who survives.

When you really think about it, we are *not* "one nation, indivisible." We are "one nation, indistinguishable." Now identified only by our Social Security number, we have come to be judged not on our own merit but on our credit rating. Maybe it's a good thing that individuals are no longer important to the system since there really aren't many left. For as far as the eye can see there are nothing but platinum-brained Farrah Fawcett-Majors imitations and men with blown-dry Travolta puffs of hair, dressed up and gettin' down in clingy disco shirts.

Across the continent, we have become culturally standardized by such helpful guidelines as pop music's top 40 charts, television's top 20 ratings, and the list of the ten bestsellers. The surge to conform not only controls our aesthetic tastes but our palate's as well. From Main Street to side street, we are surrounded by franchise replicates which serve us skimpy scoops of ice cream, greasy chicken, overpriced pizza, and what often appears to be hamburger.

The belief that you can "do your own thing" still holds true—so long as "your own thing" is the same as everyone else's. This is especially evident in the education process. It first takes hold in kindergarten when, along with our A-B-C's, we learn that a Snoopy lunch box is preferred over a plain brown bag.

As the years pass, even greater "peer pressure" makes itself felt. By high school this invisible force has more power than the Mafia. Although it might

Illustration by Dave Lowery

not resort to breaking arms or legs, it is nevertheless brutally efficient. Those who don't qualify as being "with it" are not allowed to forget it. Just ask anyone whose lunch hours were spent silently alone, choking down flavorless sandwiches, or who sat at home on the night of the Senior Prom with only Kleenex for company.

Those who somehow manage to survive high school and who are squeezed on to college are greeted by the smiling faces of Greeks. If you do what your sisters or brothers ask, when they ask, and don't ask any questions of your own, they will welcome you warmly into their fold, putting their seal of approval on you. By the time that the matriculated graduate, it isn't just the caps and gowns they wear that are identical.

In trying to trace the origin of this mass production and reproduction, some people put the blame on Henry Ford and his assembly line. But this is unjust and unfounded because the process really goes back to the beginning, to nature. For instance, in a land of snow and ice, which rabbit will survive? The white one, of course. You may think this is a perfect example of Darwin's survival of the fittest theory, but the plain truth is that, in order to survive, you've got to blend into the scenery.

Anyone who doesn't fit-in on their own is helped to do so artificially. Through such modern miracles of science as orthodontia, make-up and hairpieces, we are all being shaped into the same, "perfect" person. Now everybody even smells the same, thanks to the mass- marketed deodorants and perfumes.

The word "uniform" is no longer just a term used to describe a particular outfit that we wear from time to time; it is the manner in which we live. From our Tupperware to our t-shirts, from our vacations in Yellowstone to our shopping visits to large malls, we strengthen and enhance our uniformity.

Recently, there have even been news reports of men and women who have undergone plastic surgery to have their faces restructured to resemble such dearly departed performers as Elvis Presley and Janis Joplin. What ever happened to the good old days when people would settle for just having bits and pieces of themselves molded after Kirk Douglas' chin or Marilyn Monroe's cleavage?

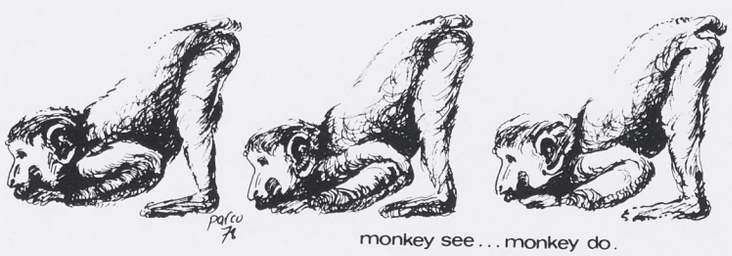
Today, conformity isn't only big business, it's show business. Beauty contests are a good illustration of this. Have you ever tried to tell any of the finalists apart? If they weren't labeled, it would be as difficult as judging different slices of prime rib. There are even competitions and auditions for people who are proud to claim that they look just like Farrah or Orphan Annie or, for some strange reason, Dolly Parton. And we've become so carried away that we applaud the blokes in "Beatlemania"—not because of their originality, but because they seem so much like the "real thing."

It was many moons ago when astrologists realized that what was written in the stars could easily be sold to the masses. With this knowledge, today's prophets are able to print a single forecast in 1,000 different newspapers stating that all Virgoes—everywhere—can expect, on October 2, "A good day for stepping in gum, buying rutabaga, and eloping with Burt Reynolds."

Further, it seems clear that we should stop making such a moral issue out of something as ordinary as cloning. Who needs the help of biologists anyway? We've been doing it ourselves for years. And we're proving that practice makes perfect. The only truly important issues that we should worry about are which color will be "in" this spring and whether we should watch "Donny and Marie" or "Wonder Woman."

I foresee the day when we will have a close encounter of the final kind. A time when those tiny creatures from outer space will blip, "Take us to your leader." Winking at one another, we will snicker at their naivete. And those little green tourists will be out of luck: we'll all have been too busy following each other for there to be any leaders.

Ruth Ellen is a junior journalism major.



monkey see... monkey do.

Illustration by Francene Parco



Illustration by Cynthia Love

Final Preparations

by Debby O'Roake

Just as you plan for birth, so should you be ready for the only future you can count on. Death has no sense of timing.

Mrs. Clark, a frail elderly woman, stares blankly at the white ceiling of the hospital corridor. The hospital counselor for terminal patients and their families sits beside her. Mrs. Clark's husband is slowly dying. She tells the counselor she is worried because she doesn't have the money for a funeral. Her social security can cover only her rent and food. The counselor asks her if she has children or relatives that might help, but Mrs. Clark shakes her head hopelessly.

As the counselor tries to console the tiny trembling woman, she is told her husband has just died. Mrs. Clark tightly grasps the counselor's hand as she cries uncontrollably. The counselor holds the wailing woman and reassures her she is not alone and there is hope.

Being without final preparations is common in today's society. Although dying is inevitable, the majority of us act as if we'll go on forever. We don't plan for that certain future. We don't even think of planning as being necessary.

Mrs. Clark was fortunate. After checking with the local Social Security office about death benefits, she was relieved to find she qualified for the Social Security Lump Sum Death Benefit (LSDB) of $255. It assists eligible citizens of the United States in the payment of funeral expenses.

The hospital counselor also asked Mrs. Clark if her husband was a veteran. When she answered yes, the counselor advised her to contact the Veterans Administration about further death benefits. Mrs. Clark did and found she had coming $250 toward funeral expenses and $150 toward a plot. She was told she could also bury her husband in a National Cemetery or a cemetery under the auspices of the federal government, since he was a veteran, and the burial there would be free.

Mrs. Clark chose to bury her husband in a private cemetery with the funds supplied by both agencies. The Veterans Administration informed her she was also entitled to a free American flag and grave marker or headstone (private cemeteries charge for this).

Why didn't Mrs. Clark make funeral plans sooner? Especially since Mr. Clark was terminally ill for months and his death expected? Planning ahead could have prevented her the stress of trying to make funeral arrangements at the emotion-charged last moment.

Society associates death with older people, and insurance company mortality tables support this. Yet death has no sense of timing, as George and Jean learned with the loss of their 19-year-old daughter, Shannon. George recalled the holiday weekend when the family had planned a picnic at Lake Isabella: "Just before leaving, our daughter Shannon began having sharp pains in her left leg and we rushed her to Long Beach Memorial Hospital Medical Center. Within five hours, our entire lives had been changed." Doctors discovered Shannon had terminal cancer and her parents were told she had less than a year to live.

After several months, Shannon's doctor asked George and Jean if they had made funeral arrangements. George said they only had a cemetery plot. The doctor suggested they make final arrangements at a mortuary, and a friend of Jean's recommended they consult Colonial Funeral Home. The director explained to the couple about a $645 service fee. He handed them a list showing what it covered: transporting the deceased to the mortuary, embalming, preparing and clothing the body for viewing, placing of obituary notices, securing the burial permit and death certificate, arranging the funeral service and use of the facilities and transportation.

The director also explained that prices increase with the cost of the casket, which ranges from $112 to $2,500. The most expensive caskets are solid copper or bronze; merely an air-tight and water-tight one will run between $800 to $1,000. Once George and Jean chose a casket, the total cost had come to $1,700.

Only three days after the couple made funeral plans, Shannon died and George notified the mortuary. Having pre-planned Shannon's funeral didn't make it easier for her parents to accept her premature death, but it did relieve the added burden at a very painful time.

Death is capable of coming at any moment. You don't bargain with it. Therefore, it's best to anticipate it with rational, thought-out choices. The first, perhaps, should be whether you prefer burial or cremation.

Cremation is when the human remains, within a casket or suitable container, are placed in a crematory chamber and heat is applied with oil or gas jets and the body is reduced to ashes and small fragments of bone. If a funeral service is desired, cremation can take place after the service. If immediate cremation is preferred, embalming and a casket are not required by law. Most cemeteries merely require the remains to be placed in a container, which may or may not be a casket.

After cremation, the ashes of the body may be buried, placed in a mausoleum, buried in cemetery property, scattered from an airplane over the ocean, buried at sea or given to the next of kin. The only legal condition, according to the California State Cemetery Board, is that the family must designate the location of the ashes on the burial permit.

When you decide how your body will be cared for, burial plans can be made. There are three types of cemetery property to consider: earth burial, mausoleum entombment (above ground burial in a specially designed building), and inurnment (when a person's cremated remains are placed in an urn).

An earth burial is the most common choice, meaning a cemetery lot must be purchased. Figure on $400 to $1,000. For a mausoleum entombment, a niche, which is a recess in a wall, will range from $140 to $500 if stored in a columbarium—a vault inside or adjoining a mausoleum with recesses for urns. With inurnment, there are two choices: the urn may either be placed in a niche or a cemetery plot, with the urn itself costing $25 to $100.

For earth burial, it is advisable that the cemetery property be bought in advance. This gives you a choice on whether to buy adjacent property, as well as the opportunity to finance the land purchase. In most established cemeteries, with a 10 percent down-payment, a five-to-eight-year finance plan may be arranged. Some cemeteries will even provide a free insurance plan that protects the potential owner if he dies before the property is paid for. To qualify for this insurance, a person usually must be in good health and under the age of 61.

If you're going to purchase the property, be sure the cemetery has a fund for perpetual care and maintenance of the grounds. Also be sure a deed is given for the lot of purchased land.

The majority of cemeteries insist the casket be placed in an earth receptacle upon burial. Acceptable liners or vaults cost anywhere between $50 to $1,250; they prevent the casket from settling, while also offering protection from earth and water. Before purchasing from either cemetery or mortuary, consult with the funeral director, because each cemetery has its own regulations as to what is acceptable. Remember, also, to write out your funeral and burial instructions and have it properly endorsed so that your wishes can be carried out.

Death involves paying for funeral and burial services that can put a strain on the survivors. Life insurance can ease this. Although most people will protect their cars, homes, and other treasured items, they fail to insure the most valuable possession they have—their person. Life insurance is a "when" proposition, not an "if" happening as with your car or home. Life insurance is probably the only protective policy that is certain to be used.

How should a life insurance plan be chosen? First, get in touch with an agent of an established company. Insurance firms, large or small, are safe because they are so closely monitored by the State Insurance Department and the Securities Exchange Commission.

Loren Sneary, an insurance broker, claims that if an agent has a Charter Life Underwriters designation, he has already passed several highly technical exams on life insurance and should be able to advise on different plans available to meet individual needs. Life insurance becomes more expensive the older the insured. For women, policies cost a little less than for men because their calculated life expectancy is longer. Age is also a factor. A man between the age of 20 and 25 could pay $120 a year for a $10,000 policy, while a man 40 to 45 years would pay $600 a year for it.

Another important protection that is overlooked by over half the adult population in California is a will. Being caught dead without one can lead to lengthy legal hassles and leave family members fighting in court—or empty-handed. Without a will, in about 90 percent of the cases the estate will not be divided as the deceased intended.

You should make a will to clearly explain how you want your property disposed of. A will prevents the state from dividing a person's belongings and appointing an executor—the person who distributes the deceased's belongings. If the court appoints an executor to settle an estate, your assets may be reduced by legal fees for services.

In California, if there is no will when there is property, the deceased is said to have died "intestate." In this situation, the survivor receives one-third of the estate and the children receive the remaining two-thirds. If the children are minors, probate permission is usually needed in order to spend monies for their immediate needs.

An attorney's fee to draft a simple will is about $25, a more complicated will is approximately $125. To draw a will, it is necessary to choose an executor, who can be anyone, though it's best if it's a competent family member. Remember that a will must be

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Debby O'Roake is a senior journalism major.

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An impulse of perfectibility

by Eddie Iwata

Perhaps the saddest memories of my undergraduate years will be of friends and acquaintances who, for different reasons, have convinced themselves that they won't quite "make it;" success and fulfillment in a career and personal life remain for them desired but elusive ends. The following is for those who think themselves marginal, with no place in a world that too often accepts only the rich, the gifted and the beautiful.

A UniverCity Essay

The following was written to me by a close friend from UCLA a while ago:

"I just had a funny notion. What if we planned a party and invited all the different people who influence our thoughts . . . can you imagine what a treat that would be for both of us?

"Here's D. and F., engaged in book talk and condemning the mercenary publishing business, while at the same time awaiting the day when the paperback houses will bid megabucks for their masterpieces. And M. and K., through prodding, talk in hushed, serious tones of their eventual gallery showings and retrospectives in New York and Paris. . . .

"And all of us talk and drink wine all night, in our own little microcosm. And then what? We decide to have weekly meetings and then, *one day we, the creative thinkers, devise our perfect master plan for life and take over the world. . . .*"

Those two-year-old sentiments are, obviously, passionate and highly idealistic. The energetic spirit of youth is clear in her words, as is the ever-present optimism of the young.

But four long semesters and two summers have passed since then, and those same sentiments now seem so silly and naive, much too passionate to be reasonable, much too idealistic for a pragmatic life.

Along the way something happened. Life Out There revealed its hand and dealt us a blow that made us think again, perhaps made us redefine ourselves. Possibly an encounter with a graduate school or academic department program that won't admit just average students. Or a survey of a dwindling job market that reduces our degrees to pulp. Or engagements with deaf families or friends or lovers who react only to shrieking.

Finish school in exactly four years, get married to a perfect mate, start working in a career of your

choice? Except all does not always fall so easily into place. Life does not obey our wishes. Frustration, disappointment and even cynicism may appear, and many of us find refuge in a less-than-fulfilling lifestyle.

Recoiling from the hardships of life and retreating into a less challenging existence certainly limits one's future. But the idealism of youth, as expressed in the letter, is also just as limiting, for dreamers are never satisfied in a utilitarian world.

And yet something vexes.

Surely there is a firmer ground between the two extremes, where our generation can accept the academic disappointments, the unfulfilling jobs, the barren personal lives, and yet not buckle under nor surrender our youthful idealism.

"As thinkers," Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "mankind is ever divided into two sects, Realists and Idealists; the first class founding on experience, the second on consciousness." In today's society of very real economic and social limits, tempered with great individual freedom and possibility, we should tap the best of both ways of thinking: blending realistic limits with a visionary's ambition.

Heading into the next decade, we do have the advantage of perspective. We've seen the disruption and great issues of the 60's, which influenced social and cultural values and exposed cracks in the government, but, more importantly, served to reinforce the great stability of our system. And we've seen the self-indulgence of the 70's, the turn towards leisure and nostalgia and a prevailing attitude of "looking out for number one"—Tom Wolfe's "Me" decade.

The 1980's could well bring a new breed and a new outlook, a wave of educated youth that has learned well the lessons of the past; a keen youth that knows satisfaction is not glutting one's self with hedonism and self-concern, but fulfilling one's self through productive achievement; a wise youth that knows one doesn't succeed by taking idealistic stances, but by working realistically within defined and practical limits.

And we are capable of it. Man is an adaptable animal, limber of mind and body and with the extraordinary ability to achieve. He can swim ocean channels, conceive human life in a laboratory, create great literature and art, build societies and lead nations; eventually, he will reach into space.

Certainly it is also within him to blend the prudence of experience with the idealism of youth so he can live his life well. He can be ambitious yet realistic, he can be passionate yet reasonable, he can be a success yet not be among the elite; he can, with foresight, do most of which he desires.

If he looks hard enough, every man will find that he has, in Hegel's words, "a real capacity for change, and that for the better, *an impulse of perfectibility.*"

The girl who sent the letter two long years ago will be entering law school soon. Not Berkeley or Harvard or N.Y.U., but a decent school nonetheless. And she will not excel, even there. She has realized that she cannot change the world, but she will, with foresight and determination, do her very best to make her own universe as happy, as secure, as complete as possible.

Eddie Iwata is a senior journalism major. He has written for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner *and the* Long Beach Independent, Press-Telegram.

The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of this publication. UniverCity magazine solicits opposing viewpoints. Write: UniverCity magazine, c/o Department of Journalism (SSP-024), 1250 Bellflower Blvd., Long Beach, CA 90840.

Eating wisely and almost well on $20 a week

by Jack Hargett

Eating.

For some it is a delightful experience to be savored as one would enjoy sex, a masterpiece of art or watching the Rams beat the Dallas Cowboys. For others eating is a necessary evil, the giving in to a nagging need to be satisfied whether or not their waistline or pocketbook permits.

Whether you fit in either category or in between, at some time in your life you're likely to find yourself (a) On your own; (b) Very low on money; (c) Having to cook whether you like it or not; (d) All of the above.

Many students and young people free of the nest for the first time find themselves lost in the supermarket jungle. They discover, in horror, that their parents' gourmet-style eating habits are no longer affordable, and one can only eat just so much shredded wheat. For the inexperienced, a trip down those cold rows upon rows of packaged calories can be as confusing as an afternoon at the New York Stock Exchange, and sometimes as costly. It is for these brave newcomers that this article is intended, though hopefully there are a few dollar stretching tips for old timers as well.

We can break our quest down into three goals—to buy food as cheaply as possible, make it taste good, and supply our bodies with a properly balanced fuel. During my eight years as a professional musician, there were numerous periods of financial crisis when I pondered whether the common house mouse is better barbecued, baked or fricasseed. Fortunately for the rodents, I had only to refer to the pages of my imaginary bestseller, *Long Beach on Two Dollars a Day,* and select a menu I could afford and still enjoy without feeling all that sorry for myself.

The Hard Times Budget

Let's say you've got $20 and it has to buy a week's supply of groceries. Nowadays that's pretty grim, especially if you just naturally eat a lot like I do, but it can be done. Several things will have to go immediately. Obviously, junk food is one. Eating out frequently is another . . . that's a luxury to be enjoyed in better days. Now $20 may sound like a comfortable figure for the folks who look forward to tuna sandwiches by candlelight for their evening meal, but if you want something different or more substantial, you'll have to plan carefully.

Although needs and requirements differ from one individual to the next, most people on a full energy-burning schedule need a minimum of a small breakfast or lunch and a larger meal in the evening. If you do occasionally overeat, let it be an overdose of your favorite vegetable rather than something high in fat. Otherwise it's "eat it today, wear it tomorrow." So, with all our different individual requirements in mind, grab your hard-earned shekels and let's go shopping.

Into the Jungle

Knowing which market to shop takes a little price comparing and experience, but it doesn't take long to discover who has the best prices, produce and meat departments. Resist the temptation to shop at convenience markets, just because they're close by and quick. Believe me, you'll pay for the convenience. A half gallon of milk will cost 15 cents more; produce 10 to 20 cents more per pound; a loaf of bread 12 cents more, and so on. If you're shopping for the week, which I recommend, the extra cost for convenience will really dent your purse.

I dropped into a quickie market the other day for a bottle of my favorite soda and got in line behind a young man toting a veritable mountain of groceries. After what seemed like an eternity, he was finally checked through and he loaded all three bags in a beat-up VW, driving off in a cloud of black smoke. He could've gotten a major tune-up for what he wound up paying for his food.

Cheap and Filling Favorites

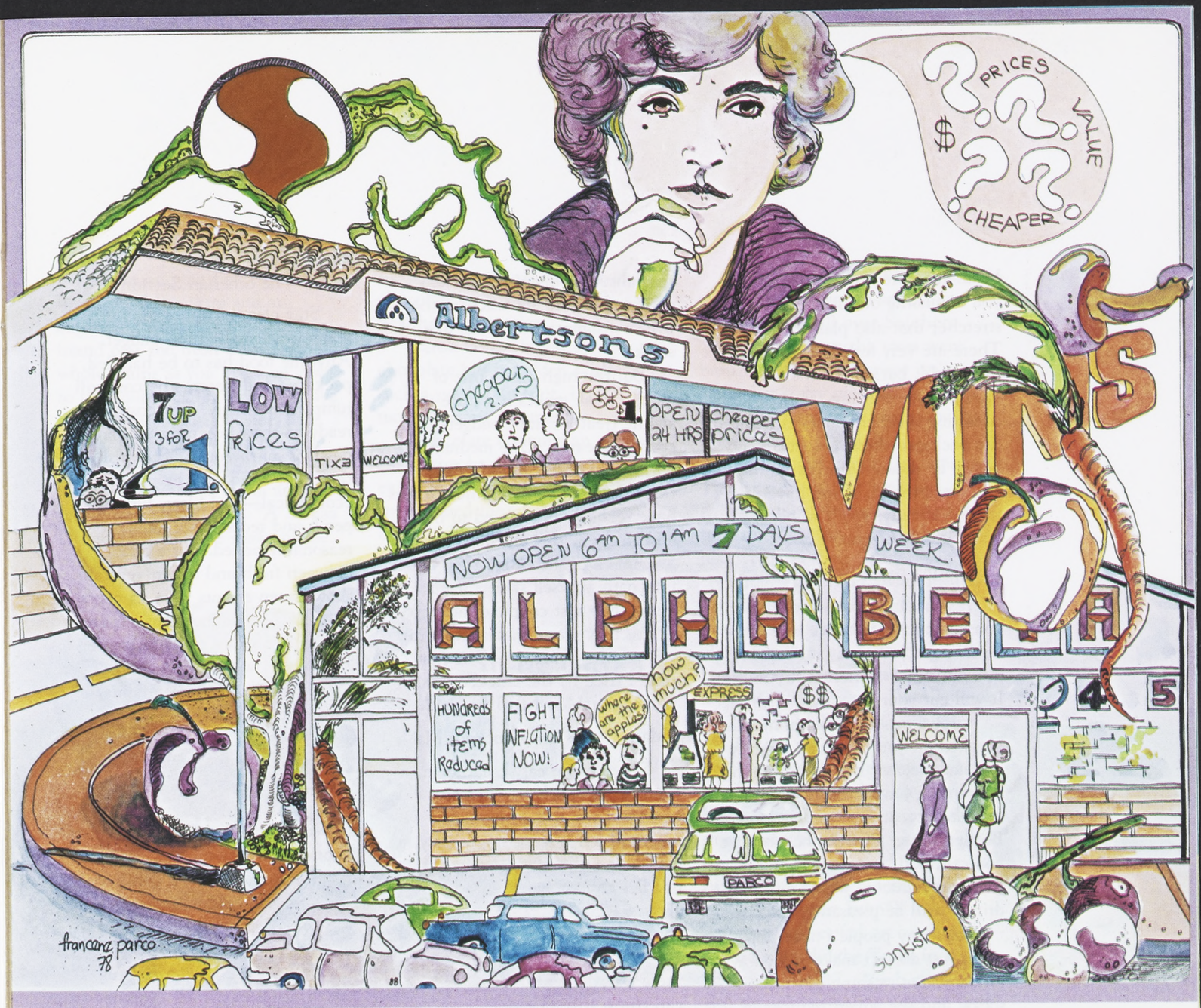
Let's start with staple foods. Potatoes and rice are great old friends. They can fill up the most bottomless pit and accompany practically any main dish. The prices are right, too. Red potatoes, are almost always 19 to 21 cents a pound. Russets are cheap, also, if you've got the hour it takes to bake them. Forget packaged mashed potatoes; they are 75 cents a pound! Rice is a must for every cupboard. A one-pound box costs about 75 cents and will last forever. It takes about 20 minutes to steam up and you can throw all kinds of goodies in, like mushrooms, peas, leftover meats and chicken, etc., or pour a variety of gravies on top.

Here are a few more dishes that fall into the inexpensive group. An obvious choice is tacos; they're easy to make and great fare when friends drop in with that lean and hungry look. Macaroni and cheese is also a good gap filler.

The Vegetable Parade

Perhaps the cheapest source of vitamins and minerals available to us are vegetables, the lowly carrot reigning supreme. How can you beat 25 cents a bunch, year-around? Frankly, when I was a youngster I never quite understood





why Bugs Bunny risked life and limb for them. For that matter, the sight of most vegetables made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. And I still think the smell of steaming sauerkraut would gag a maggot, but oddly enough, put it in a Reuben sandwich and I'll wolf it down. Hard times forced me to try many things (including vegetables) for the first time in many years, and I soon discovered I'd been missing out.

Cabbage is easy on the budget—usually about 29 cents a pound, sometimes a lot less. I've even learned to like it steamed, with a little margarine, a sprinkle of garlic powder and Lawry's Seasoning Salt. Corn prices drop from 20 cents an ear to a dime several times a year. Personally, though, I prefer frozen corn on the cob; it's a little more expensive, but it's usually sweeter and more tender.

One of the cheap and easy to digest vegetables is zucchini squash. In season it drops to 39 cents a pound and sometimes even less, and it accompanies practically any main dish. In season, brussels sprouts and broccoli are known to bottom out at 39 cents, cauliflower seldom lower than 59 cents and green beans occasionally lower than 59 cents. A recent addition to my own vegetable group is eggplant (at 29 cents a pound, usually).

I remember my childhood days, strolling into the kitchen just before dinner and peering in disgust into a pot of boiling cauliflower. I wondered what gross misconduct on my part brought that on. Over the years I came to feel differently about vegetables and it was probably about the time I began to steam them. Most cooks swear by the steamer and will bear witness that vegetables turn out sweeter and crisper with vitamins still locked in. A steam rack costs about five dollars.

A word here about salads. Lettuce prices vary throughout the year, averaging about 49 cents a

Illustration by Francene Parco

head. If you're not a salad lover, you're missing out on a real dollar-stretcher that also plain tastes good. There are very few sure things in this world, but one of them is Ranch Style dressing. This addicting salad enhancer is found in the packaged dressing section and has to be mixed with buttermilk and mayonnaise. If you haven't tried it already, you'll wonder where the heck you've been.

Beating the Milk Price Blues

If you're a heavy milk drinker, you don't have to move to a dairy farm to get your daily ration. Try mixing your own nonfat dry milk. It will cut your costs by one-third.

You've probably had nonfat dry sneaked on you before by Granny or someone, but there's no fooling a real milk junkie. So how do you learn to accept the substitution? Bottled water. Buy the best nonfat you can, add spring water and even the most hardcore whole milk drinker will be pleasantly surprised.

For many people's taste, tap water just doesn't make it anyway, unless you're washing out your socks, and the advertised joys of bottled water have much truth to them. A five-gallon bottle delivered costs about three dollars, but if you want to clip that too, draw your own for 20 cents a gallon outside several local markets (Alpha Beta, to name one). By the way, frozen orange juice and coffee taste much better with spring water.

Breaking the Steak Habit

If someone were to tell my father that he had to cut steak out of his diet, this otherwise mellow human being would make the Incredible Hulk look like Tinkerbell. He, like so many Americans, is a bloody beefeater. Yet that's not all good. Many heart specialists are blaming our high coronary disease statistics on the over-consumption of foods like steak.

But the high cost alone of quality steak makes it a once-in-awhile treat for most budget-conscious eaters. One medium-size cut Spencer can run as high as three dollars. Some red meat lovers have rebelled and turned to fish and chicken. Buy chicken whole at 59 cents a pound or so, then cut it into parts yourself with a *sharp* knife. The first couple of attempts at this may prove frustrating until you get the hang of it. The first time I tried it, the chicken was unrecognizable when I finished.

Main Dishes and Crockpot Magic

The favorite easy meal for many seems to be spaghetti, and no wonder. Even using pre-made sauce, which is surprisingly tasty, a half-pound of hamburger and noodles and you've spent all of about $1.50. If you're into a little cookbook research (*Better Homes and Gardens,* a real bible for cooks), there are some great casseroles you can throw together quickly and almost as inexpensively as spaghetti. And the leftovers can cure even the worst case of munchies.

A crockpot can make life a lot easier for the person with no time to spend at the stove. As a time-saver it is second only to the microwave oven. It takes a couple of minutes to throw in the ingredients for a beef stew that will simmer all day while you're away. Another bonus is that you can put inexpensive cuts of meat like flank steak or beef shank into these dishes and the crockpot will cook them incredibly tender, yet the vegetables will remain slightly crisp. Crockpots are selling for about $25.

The Siberian Section

Stay clear of frozen food if you're on a really tight budget. Anytime food has to be handled, packaged and frozen, the cost will jump significantly. The cost of ready-to-cook frozen dishes and meals is outrageous. Frozen fish, on the other hand, can be pretty economical—cod filets, turbot, perch and red snapper are reasonably priced. But a check between fresh and frozen vegetables show frozen carrots were 45 cents a pound, 20 cents more than fresh; broccoli 75 cents, 21 cents more; cauliflower was 10 cents more frozen and green beans 9 cents.

There are several schools of thought on the vitamin loss of frozen foods after cooking, but the difference is probably slight. Nevertheless, a good multivitamin as a supplement to any good diet is recommended by most doctors and nutritionists. So should you join the "natural" food mania and begin popping a multitude of vitamins in all shapes and sizes?

For one, the Food and Drug Administration, which regulates food labeling, has been cracking down on manufacturers of so-called natural foods that, upon close inspection, are about as natural as a third nostril. Case in point: the ITT Continental Baking Co., which makes Twinkies, Wonder Bread and other highly processed, additive-laden foods, has joined the "natural" bandwagon with

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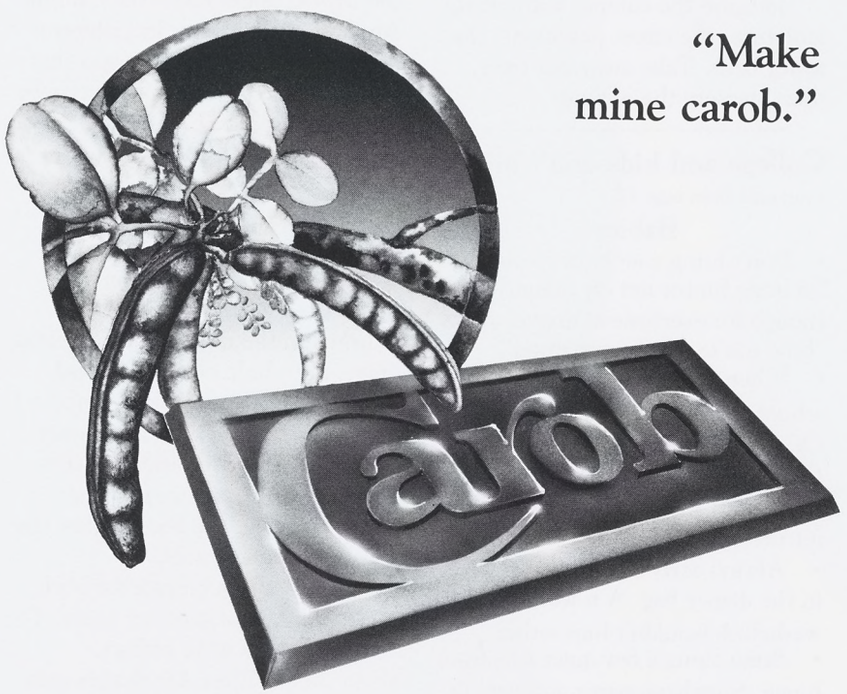
Jack Hargett, a CSULB student, has edited various magazines and newspapers, and is a professional musician.

Francene Parco is a senior illustration major, whose work has been published by Windemere Press. She is a designer for the graphics studio in the CSULB Library.

"Make mine carob."

You're on your first trip to a health food bar. You and an experienced health-food-eating friend pass the fresh fruits and whole grains as you make your way to the counter. "I'll have a papaya shake with protein powder, date butter, an egg and some bee's pollen, please," your friend says.

You look at the menu and can't recognize a thing on it. "A . . aaa I'll have a chocolate shake please," you say.



"We don't have chocolate," the waitress says with a chuckle. "Try a carob shake."

"A *carob* shake?"

Yes, carob. Maybe in the supermarket you've noticed, next to your favorite chocolate munchies, carob cookies, or carob candy bars, or carob yogurt, or even carob-flavored milk. Carob is finding its way into all types of food these days. For the health-conscious eater who is passing up Hershey bars, hot fudge sundaes, or saying nix to chocolate in any form, carob is a healthier alternative.

Carob tastes similar to chocolate but is milder, without such a sweet bite to it. It also tastes more "organic," somehow.

Chocolate contains an alkaloid called theobromine. Commercially extracted, theobromine is easily transformed into caffeine for use in cola drinks. If the alkaloid is not extracted it can constitute as much as three percent of the bean.

Carob, on the other hand, is free from any such stimulants and is reputed to be full of minerals that are good for you. It contains less fat than chocolate and is full of natural sugar. In fact, the ripe carob pod contains up to 50 percent natural sugar and can be eaten right off the tree if you're a purist. Dr. Phil Baker, a CSULB botany professor, calls carob "Mother Nature's natural candy bar."

Although carob trees are native to the Mediterranean area, some varieties grow all over Southern California. When the trees were brought here from Europe isn't clear, but today most are found in parks and lining city streets (with even a few at CSULB).

Technically, carob is a legume. The green pods that look like stringbeans are harvested when they turn shiny brown. The seeds are removed and their fleshy outer covering is taken off. With a little fermentation, similar to the processing of chocolate, carob yields carob gum, cattle feed or the powders and syrups used in the foods we eat.

Legend has it that Saint John the Baptist ate carob for nourishment on his travels, and so carob is often called Saint John's bread. Some, though, dispute this story and say the saint really ate the locusts off the carob tree (which explains why some call carob "the locust bean"). Lord Allenby's horses fed on carob pods when he fought the Turks in Palestine in 1917. Carob seeds are also thought to be the original unit of measure for the jeweler's carat; that is, the weight of the seed was the standard by which they weighed gold, or diamonds.

Today, all the finer ice cream parlors are scooping carob-flavored ice creams. Health food stores have all sorts of goodies containing carob, and most stock carob powder for your own recipes. And there are treats to fit any taste, from carob chip ice cream (made into a shake or just eaten plain) to carob-coated Tiger's Milk candy bar.

At any rate, the next time your sweet tooth begins to act up, try the tasty alternative and say "make mine carob."

–Chris Carter

Illustration by Richard Sears

See the campus as a stage.

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Housed within the first-floor east entrance to the Union is "Long Beach Contract" by Gabriel Kohn of Philadelphia. It was constructed in a local shipping yard and consists of steel pipe as well as redwood, a sympathetic medium which moves, breathes and responds to climatic conditions.

One work of art which has not stood the test of time is a mural by Rita Letendre painted on the wall between School of Business 1 and Faculty Office 3. "Sun Forces" was the first artwall ever done in the United States. Painted with black and amber epoxy which was guaranteed to be fade-, chip-, and crack-proof, it has since faded, chipped and cracked, and been defaced with cement and paint. Funds for its restoration, requested by the artist herself, have been refused.

Follow West Campus Drive back to the corner of Seventh Street and there you will find "Anonymous," built of redwood timbers piled carefully and bound with steel straps. The student apprentices responsible for the 44-foot sculpture have dedicated it to Ken Glenn, director of the International Sculpture Symposium.

Last on our tour is a post-symposium piece at the center of upper-campus—"War Monument" by Tom Van Sant. A metal sheet from the China Lake Naval Missile Range in the Mojave Desert has been pierced by an exploding armor shell. Within the jagged hole a brass dove is perched, depicting the world's transition from violence to peace. Vines were planted at its base, to climb and overgrow the violated, twisted metal—the gradual renewal in war's aftermath. Oddly, the vines have not flourished; the metal staunchly remains naked.

It was Van Sant's intention that persons seated at the concrete base be considered a living part of the monument. You, eating the tuna sandwich, leaning your head on the bird, *you are the art.* Straighten up and wipe your chin. Just as bells rung in a void produce no sound when there is no listener, art does not exist without a spectator.

Imagine the campus without the sculpture, the street musicians, the tower bells. Take away the trees, then measure the absence.

College and kids don't mix.

continued from page 16

Babies

- Don't bring your baby to class. Do bring him or her on campus just enough for everyone to marvel at "how you're doing everything!"
- When you do bring your child to school, don't dress him in 100-percent nylon or anything else that's slippery. Better yet, bring the stroller even if he's been walking for two years.
- Always carry a change of clothes in the diaper bag. A towel and washcloth wouldn't hurt either.
- Bring along a few quiet toys from home. Supplying paper and pencils at school may sound good, but scribbles won't look so good on a professor's office wall.
- Plan on two hours for a one-hour errand.
- Bring a bicycle lock for the stroller so you can lock it outside if you have to go upstairs in a building without elevators. A final word of advice: Seek out other college moms. Misery loves company.

Final preparations.

continued from page 28

properly witnessed or it may be ruled invalid, and that in California a beneficiary cannot be a witness.

That's good advice for disposing of one's external property. But how about one's body? Many well-meaning people want to donate their whole body or at least an organ after death, but never get around to arranging it. The right to give body organs is legally recognized in the United States under the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act. In California, a person may pledge any organ that may be needed for transplantation by filling out a donor card at the Department of Motor Vehicles or the California Transplant Foundation in Los Angeles.

The Uniform Anatomical Gift Act has no provision for burial expenses, and the donor's body is returned to the next of kin for burial unless the whole body is donated. If the whole body is willed to medical research, it is necessary to contact a medical school for arrangements. The medical school may either cremate or bury the body, unless the family stipulates burial.

Just as people prepare for birth, so should they prepare for death. To accept death is to be realistic about life. A West African proverb says it best: "Death is always new."

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winter is coming
dark discordant skies
crisp brown leaves whirling about

rusting and fading
under the persistent sun
crumpled autos moan

colorful make-up
cheery ear-to-ear smile
a mask for the clown?

—Tim Turnbaugh

Central Heating

won't you
tuck me in, mommy please
nice and me-snug
my own presence

(hu)myself(gs)

when you pleasure
me into me please tuck
nice and KINGBEDSIZE
snug tight

(all to myself)I

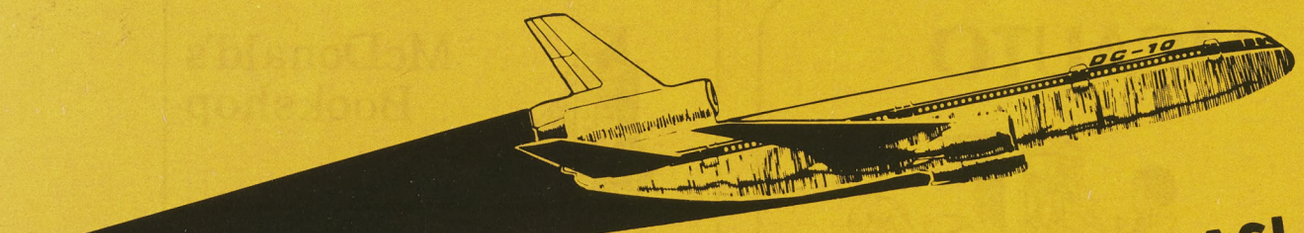
like to)squeeze(

tightly mummy down the s

i
where it's d
warm e
down the side
slung in your mine
tuck kneesagainsteyes
it is warmer
I keep rubbing sh shiv RRRS

I think of dreams
until the
door (I stare at) distorts into
a pale (is it) land (really)?
where a strange temporary man
runs-like-skipping hell
trying not to tread on (Ithink
a furry floor (myself
of Kittens (to sleep

—Steve Brown



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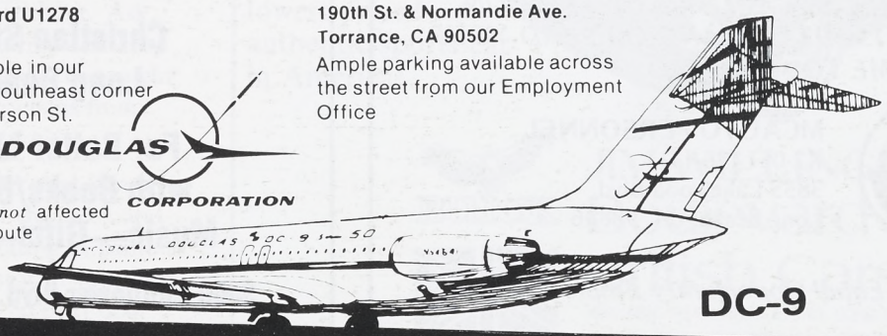
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